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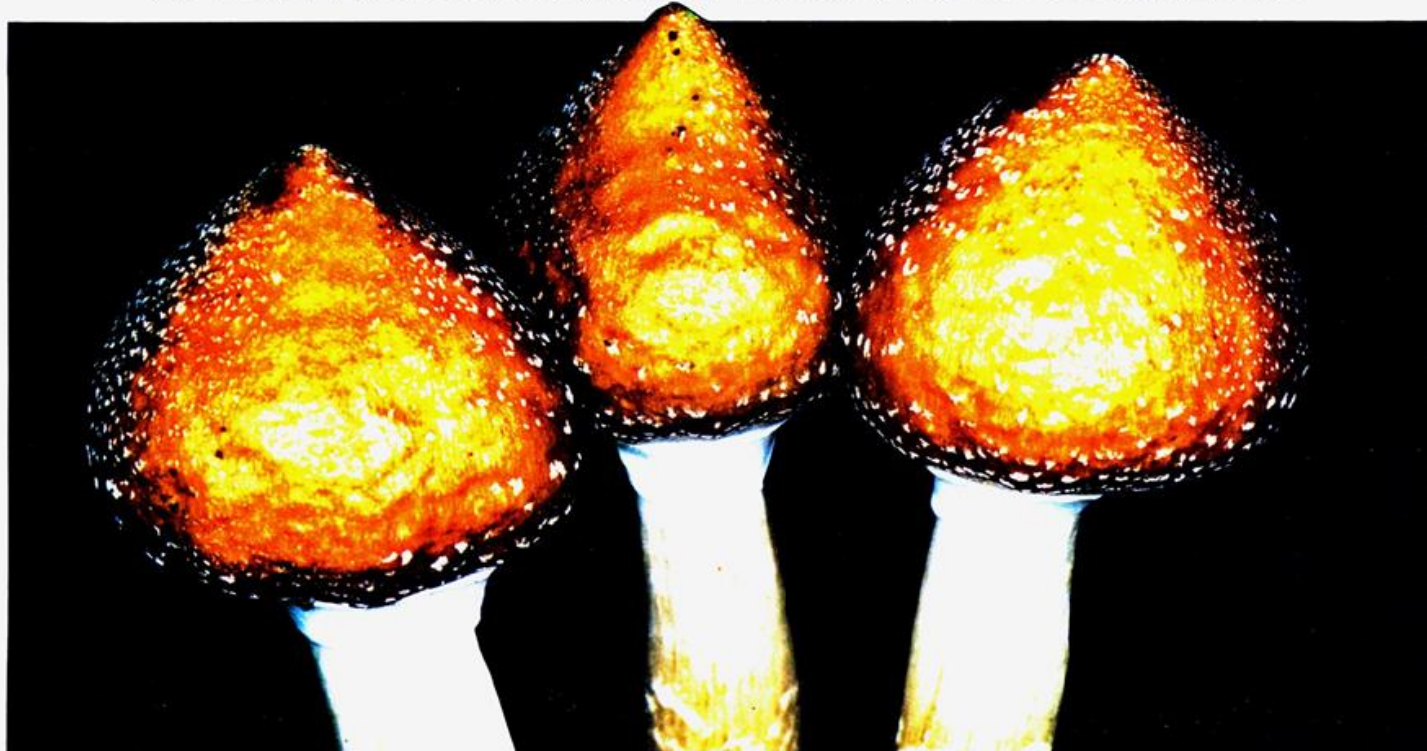
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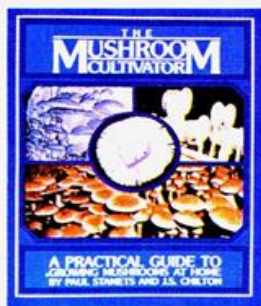
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FEATURES

VICTIMS WITHOUT A VOICE

by Pat Califia 32
The untold story of intravenous drug users stricken with AIDS

TV'S ELECTRONIC EVANGELISTS

by Ann Magnuson 37
Christian preachers on television mix Jesus Christ and Jerry Lewis-style telethons to rake in big bucks from born-again bozos

DUMB DOPE QUESTIONS—AND SMART ANSWERS

by Dean Latimer 42
Clearing up the most common misconceptions about drugs

CUOMO VS. BUCKLEY: COKE RX OR SNOW JOB?

by John Howell 46
The Governor of New York and the arch-conservative columnist in a surprising debate over the legalization of cocaine

LSA FLASHBACK

by David Harrison 48
A new generation of acidheads spearhead a revival of the '60s' most popular psychedelic

THE REAL NICARAGUAN CONNECTION

by Wayne Greenhaw 54
Exposing the massive dope-running corruption of the American-backed Somoza regime

COVER BY LARRY SCADUTO

CAPTAIN KURT SPACES OUT

by Craig Silver 62
Novelist Vonnegut mouths off at an unruly seminar



DEPARTMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE 6

The word from on high

LETTERS 8

Praise and putdowns

FLASHES 10

Pot People, McDopium and more

SCENES 12

New Jersey's boob-tube race

HIGH ADVISOR 14

Words to the wise

HIGHWITNESS NEWS 19

Cops kill kid, ballplayers snitch, feds hoard coke, hero gets popped and more

TRANS-HIGH MARKET 28 ANALYSIS AND QUOTATIONS

Quotes from the underground

ABUSE FOLIO 30

Over-the-counter cold "cures"

ASKED 52

Answers from our growing expert

PRODUCTS 61

Bambu news, nifty nutrients, dry lighter

GROW AMERICAN 70

Balancing indoor grow-lights

CLASSIFIED 78

Our marketplace for a slew of cool products

CASE IN POINT 80

NORML fights the feds

LEGAL DIRECTORY 81

They'll get you off

MUSIC 84

Midnight Oil heats up; plus High 5ives

FILM 88

The ups and downs of Shirley Clarke; plus Screen Scene

BOOKS 92

'Nam lit

TV 94

Brothers' gay breakthrough; plus Video-Vision

CONTENTS



HIGH TIMES

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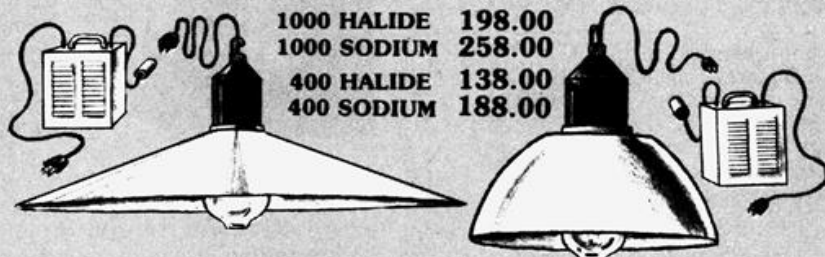
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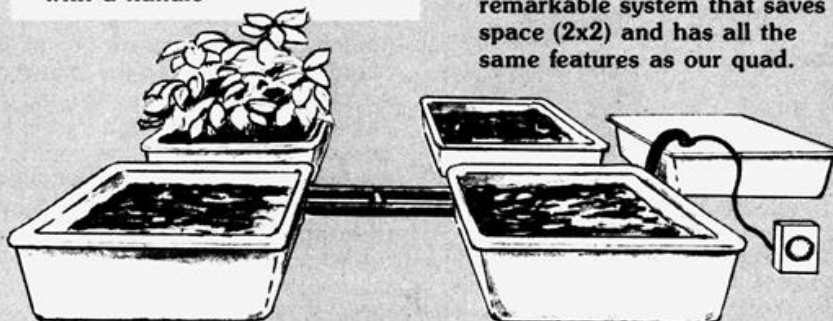
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EDITOR'S NOTE

● THIS MONTH, AT YEAR'S END AND AT THE HALFWAY POINT OF HIGH TIMES' 12th year of continuous publication, we are proud to present an issue which represents the efforts of the entire staff in an exceptional way. Not because its contents are any more extraordinary than the extraordinary contents of other months' issues, but because it illustrates so well the innovative standards of journalism that HIGH TIMES strives for in every issue, 12 months a year. ● December's lineup is an especially typical one for a magazine which features several kinds of articles for the unusually varied, exotic tastes of its readers. There are serious studies of two critically important subjects: the first major report on IV drug use and the AIDS epidemic, and a previously ignored account of the Reagan Administration's smear tactics against the current Sandinista government of Nicaragua—calling them "drug smugglers"—and the coverup of the well-documented corruption of the American-backed Somoza regime. There's a surprising report on a familiar subject, archetypal '60s author Kurt Vonnegut, whose hilarious and moral writings continue to shake up '80s readers in a new novel, *Galapagos*. There's more humorous moralizing in social satirist Ann Magnuson's biting expose of TV's pious preachers, those electronic hucksters who demean the value of belief by their shamelessly self-serving shilling for bucks, not souls. A political riddle is posed in the exchange of views about the legalization of drugs, between "conservative" columnist William F. Buckley, Jr. and "liberal" New York Governor Mario Cuomo, a puzzling role reversal that may change your thinking about their politics (hint: the quote marks are a clue). December also contains our usual treasure trove of unique information: the renewed popularity of LSD; a legal update on paraquat-spraying and marijuana as a legal medication (written by NORML Director Kevin Zeese); cultural reports about independent voices in film, music, television, and books; and our fact-filled columns—Highwitness News, High Advisor, Ask Ed, Grow American, Trans-High Market Analysis and Quotations. And not least, there's Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer's typically quippy, typically authoritative, myth-dispelling statement re: the truth about drugs. ● AIDS, TV preachers, politicians and cocaine, LSD, Central American drug-smuggling, Kurt Vonnegut, real questions and true answers about dope, plus news and reviews about alternative voices in our culture—it's quite a package, just like the other eleven we've brought to readers every month this past year. Now, as we head into 1986, I'd like to take a moment to point out this typically terrific work by our talented staff, and remind readers to show your appreciation by looking into our equally stimulating issues in the next year. ● Also, alert readers will have noticed some design changes in last month's HIGH TIMES. You'll find even more striking visuals and snappy layouts in this and future issues, courtesy of our new design team of Mark Michaelson and Santiago Cohen. Stay tuned as we jack up the already heavy impact of HIGH TIMES through the newest graphics, thanks to this revamped art department. This new look is just another part of our continuing effort to bring you the best possible HIGH TIMES during the coming year.

From on high,

John Howell

Editor-in-chief

LETTERS

5

0



ASTRO PROJECTIONS

Astrology and drugs have many similarities [HIGH TIMES, Aug. '85]. They have both been used for thousands of years to give access to higher awareness. Both are feared and attacked by the establishment.

They also both have in common that they must be personally experienced before one can have insight as to why they have been so highly prized for millennia. Nothing that anyone else says can give an inkling as to what the real thing is like.

And speaking of the real thing: most of it isn't. Just as there are superb, good, bad, and fake drugs, so it is with astrology. The only real astrology is your own precise horoscope read for you by a really qualified astrologer—of whom there are very, very few.

The most ancient, and by far the most accurate, existing map of human consciousness is that of astrology. Your article did not even hint at its actual value or uses.

And, by the way, that person "everyone seems to know" who won't walk out the door without making sure the planets are favorably aligned—I have been an astrologer for twenty-five years and never met anyone like that.

—David Winnie Hayes
New York City

ROPER DOPERS

I'm writing in regard to your August Letters to the Editor column. A few people from Utah wrote that they were desperate for some herb. Share your stash—very catchy slogan. Well, us roper dopers here in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, are so hard up for some good reefer that one poor dude is advertising it in the daily paper. Anyone willing to trade their truck for dope is pretty desperate, wouldn't you say?!

We're tired of this shit weed. Won't



GEORGE SEWELL

someone please bring some good herb?

—Debbie DiMingo
Elizabeth City, N.C.

FIRE WHO?

As I and the rest of the nation have watched on TV as California and a good deal of the rest of the West burns, and while hearing it reported that many of the fires were deliberately set, I have wondered just what kind of jerk would do such a thing and why.

As I was reading the last page of the "Crackdown" article in your August issue, it suddenly became crystal clear to me just what kind of a jerk would do such a thing and why. Although I realize that it was meant as a metaphor, it was the words, "It's pretty obvious that what they're hoping to do is start a grass fire here that will eventually spread all over the country," which caused enlightenment to spring into my head. I believe that author William Meyers unwittingly called it as it is—a "grass fire." Although it may appear to most people to be a forest fire, what I believe it was actually intended to burn is grass, the more economically valuable kind...

—The Old Hide-em-Out Potfarmer
Address withheld

NORML ANXIETY

Recently I received a letter from some Floridians who expressed fear of getting involved with NORML, but who thought that the marijuana laws should be changed and that current enforcement was excessive and destructive to our society.

This is a recurring problem that seriously undercuts NORML's efforts. The fact that the problem exists demonstrates the damage marijuana prohibition is doing to our society. When people are afraid to get politically active, how long will democratic freedoms exist?

continued on page 13

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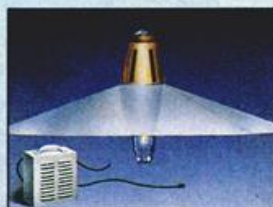
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FLASHES

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McDOPIUM

● AMERICAN NARCS AND DIPLOMATS have long been engaged in a largely unsuccessful campaign aimed at pressuring governments in drug-producing countries to persuade dope farmers to abandon their illicit crops in favor of legal foodstuffs. Now, opium farmers in one area of Thailand have given up opium for a most unlikely crop: potatoes used to make french fries for McDonald's! Two hundred former O-growers in northern Thailand have converted 160 acres to potato fields, growing Idahos and Russets to supply fries to new McDonald's restaurants in Bangkok. It's part of Big Mac's worldwide campaign to use local produce in all their far-flung fast food joints. If the Macmen are *really* smart, they'll use some of Thailand's traditional crop to create some new items—"I'll have a Big Smac and a Quarter-Ouncer." Yum! ●

INVASION OF THE POT PEOPLE!

● WE'RE PLEASED TO report the formation of a new organization dedicated to defending the human rights of "marijuana people." The Marijuana People's Freedom Coalition was formed "to demand full

human rights for Rastafarians and others who have the capacity to use cannabis sativa for positive purposes—as a medicine, as a religious sacrament, and to break down barriers between and among people." M.P.F.C. founder R.B. Wilk, a Rastafarian who is active in New Jersey NORML, has a unique theory that the ability to benefit from the use of pot is "a genetic trait that exists without regard to nationality, race or gender." Wilk refers to people with this trait as "marijuana people." "Marijuana people," asserts Wilk, "have been wrongly stigmatized as deviants, wrongly criminalized, wrongly prosecuted, imprisoned, tortured, poisoned and shot dead, for having special mental and spiritual gifts which harm no one." The M.P.F.C. is a righteous organization that deserves your support. Contact the group c/o R.B. Wilk, P.O. Box 527, Bloomfield, NJ 07003. ●



PORKY & PUDGY

● Introducing America's daffiest—and dumbest—new comedy duo: Ed “Porky” Meese and Jann “Pudgy” Wenner. The obese Attorney General and the rotund *Rolling Stone* publisher recently made almost identical, and equally ignorant, statements about marijuana that harked back to the days of Reefer Madness. If these guys keep it up, they could become the funniest comedy team since Nixon and Agnew. ●



WIDE WORLD

MEESE

“Marijuana is a gateway narcotic that leads to harder drugs.”



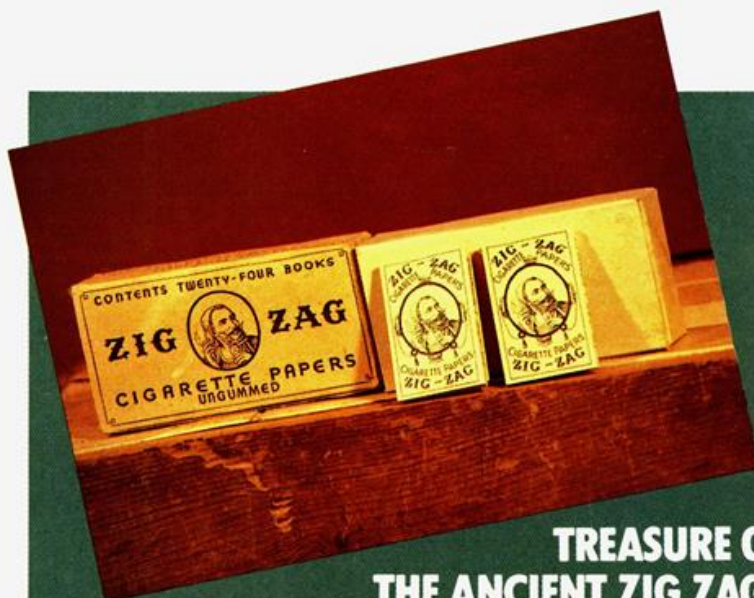
PATRICK McMULLAN

WENNER

“I think it's turned out to be true—that marijuana leads to harder stuff.”



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SCENES

BY TOM HACHTMAN

● It's never too early to start planning a trip to the Garden State's goofiest annual sporting event.

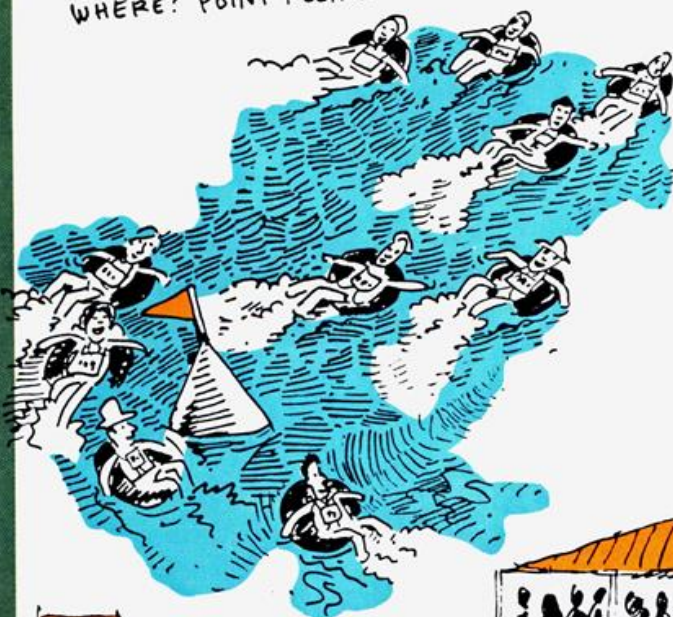
NEW JERSEY'S RUBE TUBE RACE



THE LOCALS WILL CRUCIFY ME FOR THIS BUT I DON'T CARE. YOU ARE ALL INVITED TO THE ANNUAL TUBE RACE. ITS THE SECOND WEEK-END AFTER LABORDAY WHEN ALL THE TOURISTS HAVE GONE HOME. I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO INVITE ANY 'BENNIES' BECAUSE THE RACE IS REALLY JUST AN EXCUSE TO CELEBRATE THE DEPARTURE OF THE 'BENNIES'. NOW YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING 'WHAT'S A BENNY?' THE LOCALS CALL ANYBODY WHO DOESN'T LIVE ALL YEAR AROUND AT THE SHORE A 'BENNY'. YOU ARE PROBABLY A 'BENNY'.

WHERE? POINT PLEASANT BEACH, NEW JERSEY FOR MORE INFORMATION: CALL THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

THE RACE BEGINS SUNDAY AFTER THE PARADE. ENTRIES RUN TO THEIR TUBES LE MANS STYLE, INFLATE THEIR TUBES, JUMP INTO THE SURF AND PADDLE DOWN THE BEACH TO A FINISH LINE CONVENIENTLY POSITIONED A FEW FEET FROM THE BIGGEST BAR ON THE BOARDWALK. DON'T FORGET TO BUY A MUG AND T-SHIRT.



I'M INVITING ALL OF YOU TO THE RACE. NO DRINKS ALLOWED OUTSIDE SO EVERYONE CRAMS INTO THE BARS WHERE THEY HAVE CHEAP REFILLS FOR YOUR OFFICIAL 'HEY RUBE GET A TUBE' BEER MUG AND LIVE MUSIC. ALRIGHT! MARK IT DOWN ON THE CALENDAR. I WANT TO SEE SOME 'BENNIES'.

LETTERS

continued from page 8

If we do not fight for our inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we don't deserve them. Do not be paralyzed by paranoia—get up, get active and get even.

NORML recognizes the legitimate fears of people. We take great pains in protecting our membership. For example, we send mailings to our members without NORML's name on them. Unlike other organizations, we do not trade our membership list with other non-marijuana-law-reform groups. We have researched whether our list is protected by law and found that the Supreme Court has protected the privacy of similar organizations. Finally, let me say that I would go to jail before giving up the privacy of our members. If all this is not enough, there are other ways for you to get active. Join NORML through a less paranoid friend or send us an anonymous contribution.

NORML is terribly underfunded. Our employees are underpaid and often miss paychecks. We need to triple our budget before we are a truly national force. As you have read in this magazine, NORML has accomplished a lot with the small budget that we have. With a larger budget we could make marijuana prohibition a thing of the past.

Don't let the government win with intimidation. Get even—support NORML.

—Kevin Zeese

NORML National Director
Washington, D.C.

SHE'S A LADY?

Having lived, played, worked, smoked, frolicked and intercoursed (occasionally all at once) on the central California coast for the past six years ('79-'85), I thereby was keenly interested in William Meyers' article entitled "Crackdown" [HIGH TIMES, Aug. '85]. I would like to commend you on a very moving and well-written piece of participatory journalism.

While not wishing to distract from this intrinsically important political and social issue—alas (!), I must implore you to recognize how you continuously employed the word *farmer*, *sharecropper*, *lady* and *wife* in a purely and blatantly sexist usage. As a 1948-model Caucasian male (Va.-born and raised) it might do me good to see some reverse sexism in print—if there need be any sexism at all within the pages of your splendid magazine. Possibly in a future article you could write about "the farmer" and *her* (house?)-husband; "the sharecropper" and *her* "gentleman" (sic). Or maybe you can just mellow out and write



about a couple of people who happen to live and love and grow and smoke together as one... no matter who possesses the penis or the vagina or whatever. And if you really have any "balls" maybe you'll even publish this letter. (Thanks...)

—Charles B. Good
Amherst, Mass.

As a 1942-model "Caucasian" male (Tennessee-born and raised), I can assure you that, having watched a decent planetary habitat laid waste in mere decades by the excesses of whiskey-swilling, cigar-chomping male-chauvinist pigs, I have no personal investment in any sort of concept of male superiority. I even find myself of the opinion at times that, unless the women take charge of the planet soon, we're all doomed. But however tempting reverse sexism might be, it's just too political, too divisive and two-dimensional—too much like the low level of consciousness our species is struggling to emerge from.

One important thing to remember about the psychedelic revolution and its latter-day generation of hippies-turned-growers (as described in "Crackdown") is that our essential oneness was one of its cardinal precepts. That's become part of the cultural heritage now—what was once revelation is almost common knowledge. Any self-respecting couple today with any claim to being hip is well aware of our essential equality; and so indeed are the Humboldt County couples I was describing. Not that any of us doesn't still have an inherited overlay of behavioral conditioning to cope with.

But the simple fact is that the individual in each of those particular couples who was actively engaged in growing was the male. The "Farmer's wife" and

the "Sharecropper's lady" were secondary to the story, and were referred to that way—secondarily. It should go without saying that in many other situations, it is the women (or both man and woman) who do the growing. And there are plenty of male persons out there who could aptly be called "The Grower's old man" or "The Cropquette's honey." But we didn't get that type on our interview tapes.

Incidentally, our male hippie forebears first started calling their girl friends and wives their "ladies" as a way of putting new value into women and distancing themselves as far as possible from the state of mind that had spawned "gals," "dames," "broad," "birds" and "chicks."

—William Meyers

BEAT THE CONTROLLER

Attention, Growers of America: Despite government interference, marijuana has become the largest agricultural commodity in the U.S. Most of these growers are small-time and looking to make a living (which in this country is getting harder and harder). The money being earned is spent in local communities.

This is not, of course, the point I wish to make. What I would like to know is why the growers of America with billions of dollars at their disposal are not fighting back? If there were an association for growers nationwide (a growers union), the government would not stand a chance in controlling growers.

Let's start local associations to protect one another and then make it nationwide.

If the government wants a battle over this, let's give them one. Not as individuals but as one very large and powerful group.

—Long Tom

Address withheld



BILL DENOVELLES

● Are our parents to
blame for us? What
is this mysterious
crystal? *Que pasa* with
Bolivian coca?

HIGH ADVISOR

COSMIC QUESTIONS,
DOWN-TO-EARTH
ANSWERS

BY COOKIE MUELLER

● YOU ARE NOT PERFECT...AND I bet you blame your parents for your shortcomings. Because your father tied you to the dinner table and forced you to finish everything, including all the liver on your plate, you are now anorexic. Because your mother was too loving, you are now gay. Because the two of them gave you all the inferior models of the most coveted toys, you now are far too eager to shop.

Well, I don't buy it. There has to be a line drawn somewhere. You just can't blame them for everything. What kind of responsible behavior is that? Sure, they gave you your good looks and your new shoes but, come on, they didn't mold your personality single-handedly. The greater part of your character was intact when you were born. You are an alien born to earthlings who tried to shape you into their image. Such is life among the species of *Homo sapiens*.

I bet you don't want to believe that you were born the way you are. Here's some evidence to chip away at your ancient Freudian beliefs: A few years ago a rather interesting story came to light about identical twins who were separated three days after birth (we'll call them Tom and Bob). Tom was adopted into a large, closely-knit, happy family, who raised him with every comfort and educational possibility, while twin Bob was never adopted and went from foster home to orphanage and back again. Bob led a rather bleak and limited life. Thirty years later while Tom was on vacation in Rio, he was eating in a restaurant and the waiters came up to him and said, "Bob, what in the world are you doing eating in this restaurant on your only night off? Isn't six nights in the kitchen here enough for you?" Of course, Tom didn't have the vaguest idea of what was going on and assured the waiters that they had mistaken him for someone else. The waiters thought it was a big joke that this person who claimed he was Tom looked exactly like the cook Bob. Tom decided to return the next night and take a look at the cook. When they met it must have been a shock for both of them, like looking in a mirror when you know it's not a mirror. Anyway, they pieced together their pasts and found that, sure enough, they were identical twins and that both of them had been told that the other was dead. They came from the same egg and they looked identical, but the similarities didn't stop there. They both wore the same designer clothes. They both used the same brand of toothpaste (an obscure brand called Vadimecom). They were both married to Austrian women who were second-grade schoolteachers.

A few scientists became interested in the story and ran a series of tests on the two. They found that they had the same likes and dislikes—the same taste for music, art, literature. But the most conclusive evidence was secured when the twins were separated in two sound-proof rooms, and given the same tape of recorded jokes. They were wired and monitored for their responses on an electroencephalograph and an electrocardiograph. Their laughter was recorded as well. Now, before I tell you what their graphs looked like and how the monitoring went along, I'll remind you that the sense of humor is considered by knowledgeable people to be the one factor that discerns human beings from each other.

The twins responded *exactly the same* to all the jokes on the tape. Exactly the same. The graphs looked identical. Now, tell me that environmental influences play a greater part in forming character, personality and taste.

Since then, similar tests have come up with the same results. Now behavioral scientists are revamping their beliefs about biological factors when it comes to the nature of all human beings.

*Dear High Advisor,
I was just told about this new kind of crystal that scientists have found. I'd like to know more about it, but I don't know the first thing about science. Do you know anything about this new crystal?*

—Antonio Marelli
Rome, Italy

This new crystal form, whose real name is *quasiperiodic icosahedral*, and which has fivefold symmetry, was discovered three years ago, and scientists still haven't come to terms with it. The arrangement of the crystal is so paradoxical that theorists have to consider it in terms of hyperspace—that is, six-dimensional instead of three-dimensional space. Can you imagine? I can't even begin to think of four dimensions. The scientist who discovered this crystal obviously had his mind blown. He was working with aluminum-manganese alloys when all of a sudden he saw something that was such an anomaly he couldn't believe it. He assumed that he had made some kind of mistake, but no, there it was, over and over again. This scientist was an Israeli electron-microscopist, Dr. Daniel S. Shechtman. What he found was clearly impossible under all the classical rules of crystallography. Scientists in the 19th century developed a classification system that, until three years ago, has remained unchallenged.

continued on page 16



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HIGH ADVISOR

continued from page 15

So you can see what a big deal this is. No other exceptions to this rule had ever been seen. The intellectual satisfaction scientists are getting from working with this new crystal is boundless.

So, this is the new crystal. Does it make any sense to you?

*Dear High Advisor,
What is happening in Bolivia these days as far as the coca production is concerned? It seems to me that the cost of cocaine is going up just recently. Why is this happening?*

—Howard Fannelli
Paris, France

In America, the House of Representatives voted to cut off aid to Bolivia and Peru unless they cut back on coca production. But this is kind of stupid because the production will only advance in other areas. This is a market economy. There is that perennial fact, supply and demand. There will always be cocaine, never fear, even if the prices go up.

To answer your question about what

is going on with Bolivia, just be reminded that Bolivia has one of the most fragile democracies in the Western Hemisphere. In the past 100 years, there have been over 100 military coups. With this kind of chaos, a rock of security might be something like coca.

*Dear High Advisor,
I live in Berlin. The last time I was in the country I noticed that many of our pine, fir and spruce trees are dying like crazy. What could possibly be the reason for this? Is it pollution or what? I can't believe that it's merely the environment. The blight is really quite extraordinary.*

—Hans Schultzmann
Berlin, W. Germany

This one biologist at the Stuttgart University found evidence of a viral infection in the trees you named. He pinpointed this virus with the use of an electron microscope. He thinks that the trees caught the virus from ground animals. Similar tests on samples from healthy forests in France turned up no viruses in the trees. With this conclusive evidence, the environmentalists are despairing. If the problem was simply pollutants, then it would be controllable.

As it stands now, there is nothing that German scientists can do except more research. That's the way it is with any virus. Sometimes, I am certain that viruses will inherit the earth.

*Dear High Advisor,
I heard that Michelangelo, before doing a painting, would take a mixture of opium poppies, datura stramonium, mandrake and heart of mole. Is this true? Do you think it would also help me out as far as art is concerned?*

—Danielle De Luca
Napoli, Italy

I found out that we can't be so sure that Michelangelo took this stuff. It was very much used during the period Michelangelo lived, during the time of Lorenzo di Medici. But I would bet that M. didn't take any. How could he ever have climbed that scaffolding without falling? Have you any idea how hallucinogenic this combination would be? He wouldn't even have been able to see the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, much less paint on it.

So, in conclusion, I would say that you should never trust rumors, especially about artists. And my advice to you would be to try your art *senza* this combo. ●



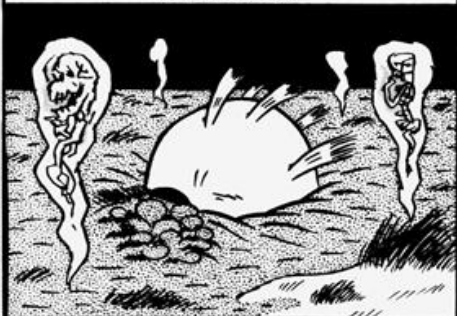
BUILT IN 1876, THE PLANT WAS FORCED TO SHUT DOWN AFTER ONLY A YEAR BECAUSE SHIFTING QUICKSAND SURROUNDING THE BREWERY MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENTER OR EXIT THE BUILDING.



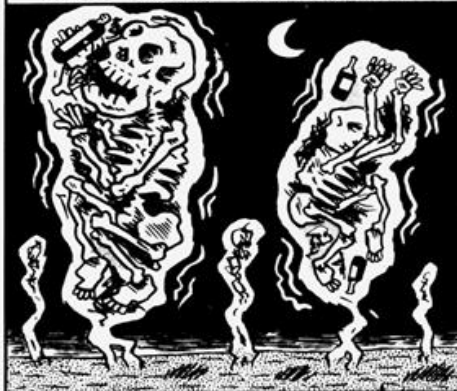
IT WAS LATER DISCOVERED THAT A HANDFUL OF MEN HAD HIDDEN THEMSELVES INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE HOPING TO LOOT HUNDREDS OF CASES OF BEER THAT WERE ABANDONED.



NONE OF THE MEN SURVIVED THE PRECARIOUS FLIGHT. AS IS COMMON WITH MANY SWAMPS, LUMINOUS GAS TENDS TO HANG OVER AREAS OF DECOMPOSED MATTER.



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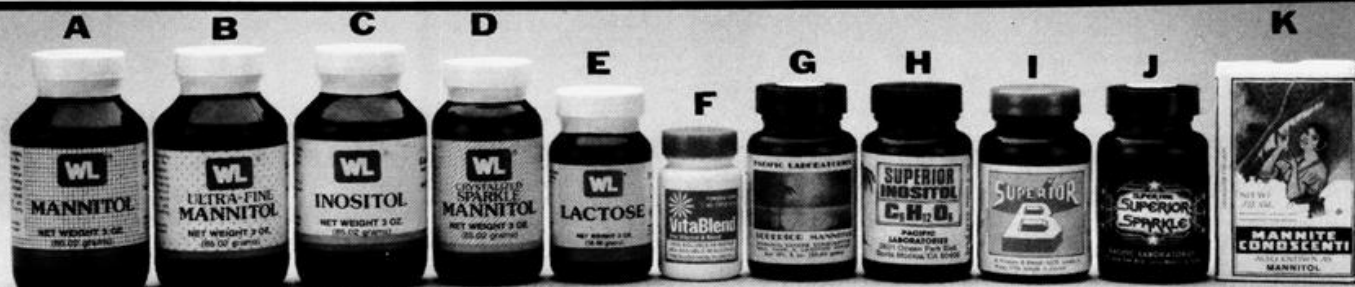
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● Activist News 24

● Snort's Fort Knox 25

● Coca-Cola Caper 26

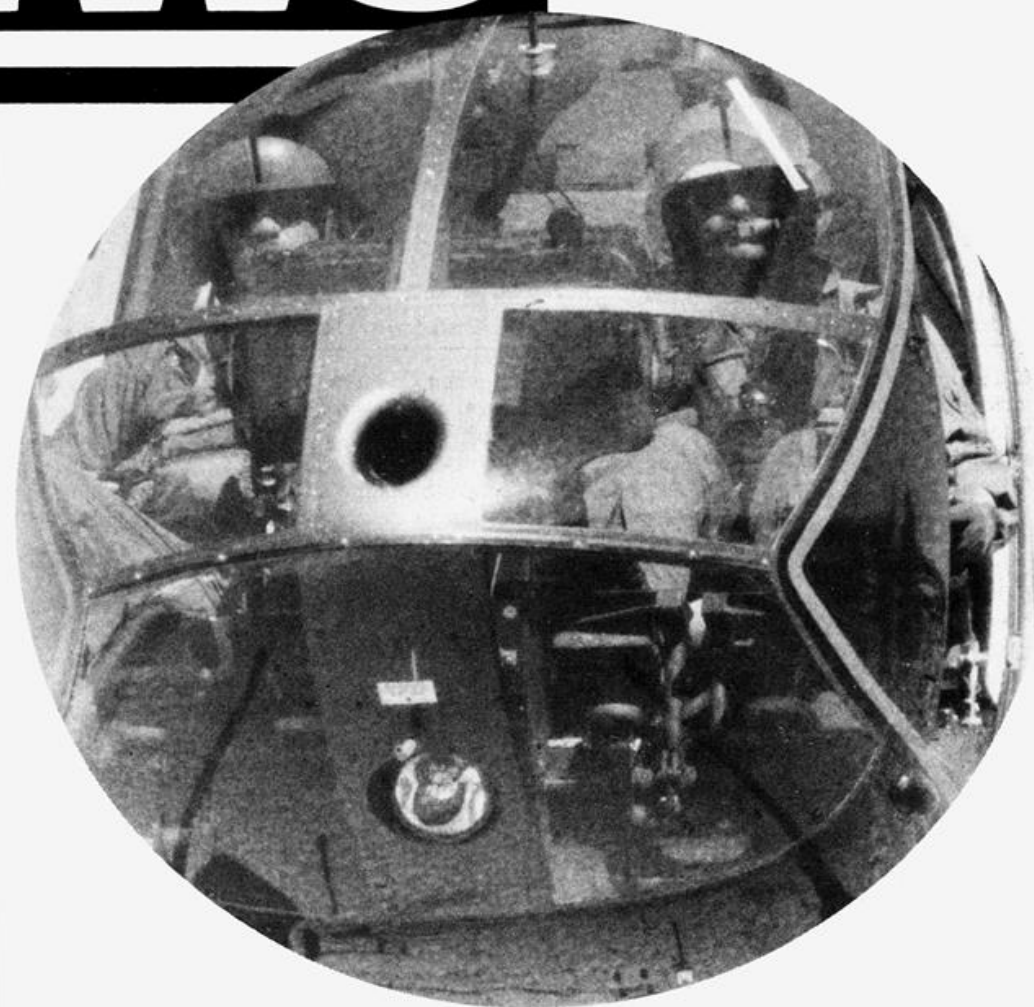
● War Hero's Pot Bust 27

by Mark Swain

OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST CERTIFIABLE fatality in the unending federal-state-local war on marijuana cultivators in Northern California occurred near here last August, when a United States Forest Service ranger shotgunned to death 23-year-old Danny Clements at the very edge of a pot patch near Bean Creek in the Plumas National Forest, about 15 miles northeast of Oroville. Initial police reports said the ranger, Tom Rowland, had been staking out the patch of 206 mature plants since four that morning, along with another USFS ranger, Jerry Adams, and Butte County Deputy Sheriff John Huffaker. The victim Clements, they said, entered the pot patch about noon that day, and was watched—and videotaped—for nearly two hours by the officers before the killing.

Although officials from the California state police quickly ordered local officials to cease talking to the press about the shooting, the initial portrayal of the incident by the Butte county sheriff, the coroner, and assistant district attorney Mike Ramsay, betrayed indications of gross official incompetence, panic and confusion. The victim's name was not released to the press for several days after the shooting, and for over two



● Pot-chopper on patrol in Northern California

months afterward—up until after this edition of Highwitness News went to press, in fact—the California state Justice Department's professional press flacks in Sacramento were desperately keeping an airtight media lid on the scandal. Pending the ultimate investigation report from the offi-

OFFICIALS WHITEWASH RANGER'S KILLING OF POT PATCH YOUTH



● Butte County Undersheriff Bruce Albert (2nd from r.) briefs state investigators.

cial state police sleuths on the incident (which may well be a total whitewash), here's how the initial reports went.

SHOT IN THE WOODS

Clements, a native of Richmond, 150 miles away near San Francisco, had evidently been staying for some time in a small camper, near a half-constructed cabin, at the edge of the Plumas national forest, some six miles from the nearest settlement, Brush Creek. The marijuana plants, which had been spotted several weeks earlier by Deputy Huffaker during a potspotting overflight, were located in a little canyon draw not 100 yards downhill from the trailer; the patch was surrounded by dense manzanita bush in the draw, while the cabin and trailer were up on a knoll covered by tall pine trees, and were connected to the pot patch by a well-trodden footpath. Officials have not yet revealed whether any of this territory consisted of either federal or private land, or both.

On the day of the shooting, the three officers involved were concealed in the manzanita

around the patch when Clements entered it from the footpath, barechested, wearing only camouflage trousers, they say. As he proceeded through the patch, watering and tending the plants as he went along, Clements passed USFS ranger Adams and Deputy Huffaker, who had staked out the edge of the patch nearest the camper up on the hill. Huffaker videotaped the youth for some indeterminate period, and then quietly crept a ways up the knoll alongside the trail to the camper, and conferred there with ranger Adams about how they would conduct the bust.

At about 1:30, as he was working toward the back end of the pot patch, Clements happened to spot USFS ranger Tom Rowland spying on him through the manzanita. Since all the officers were wearing combat-style camouflage fatigues—a style of outdoor wear which is also frequently affected by potrobbing “patch pirates”—with minimal police insignia, it's possible that Clements believed the patch was being raided by ripoff thugs, not law-enforcement authorities.

In any case, it was at that

point—according to accounts from both U.S. Forest Service and California state police to *HIGH TIMES*—when he saw someone spying on him, that Clements “picked up” a .410-gauge pump-action shotgun, and began “walking swiftly but not running” up the footpath toward the trailer. Whereupon, of course, Deputy Huffaker stepped out of the pines in front of him, pistol in hand, and said something like “Halt! Police!”

At that time, it's said, Clements “raised the barrel” of his .410 and “worked its action,” causing Huffaker to dodge for cover. An instant later, Clements was shot in the left side of the abdomen by ranger Rowland, firing from out of Clements' sight using a specially-designed sawn-off 12-gauge shotgun with a pistol grip. According to initial local-police reports, the charge entered the youth's torso leaving no notable “spread pattern” of buckshot wounds, indicating that Rowland must have been only feet away from Clements when he shot him. The youth evidently survived for a brief time, because the officers radioed for a Medevac helicopter from Enloe

Hospital in Chico, 40 miles away; the helicopter was ordered back in mid-flight, however, after Clements died.

A MEDIA BLACKOUT

“Nobody up in this area seems to care very much about the guy himself,” a reporter from the *Chico News and Review* explained to *HIGH TIMES*, a week after the shooting. “He wasn't from around here, he was from Richmond, the slum section across the bay from San Francisco. Nobody knew him locally. He was way out of his element here.” In Richmond, a member of the family refused to be interviewed after the youth was finally identified, three full days after the shooting.

Officials explained the delay in identifying the victim by claiming that there was no identification on the body, so that a complicated fingerprint search had to be conducted. However, a thorough inquiry by *HIGH TIMES* has failed to turn up any previous arrest record for Clements in his home county, Contra Costa; and moreover, immediately after the shooting, the youth's trailer was examined by

the officers, and searched with a warrant within 24 hours. Still, it was over 72 hours before his name, age and residence were given to the press by state authorities—late on a Friday afternoon in midsummer, when very few journalists could be expected to be interested.

In fact, outside of the *Chico News and Review* and a couple other local papers, the only public notice of the killing was an exceedingly vague and self-contradictory Associated Press wire-service report out of Oroville, filed the day afterward. An "unidentified white male," it was briefly reported, had been shot dead in a marijuana garden by a Forest Service ranger, after brandishing a weapon and "working its action." In one paragraph, the site was said to be 15 miles north of Oroville; in another place, it was given as 30 miles north.

This very brief and murky story, which was picked up strictly by a half dozen papers in the Northern California area, was never followed up by any further wire-service reports. There was absolutely no radio or television coverage of the incident. Ten full days after the shooting, the news department at KRON-TV in San Francisco was greatly surprised to learn—from a *HIGH TIMES* reporter—that a person had been shot dead in a pot patch by a federal officer, and that a videotape of his last moments alive existed somewhere.

The media lid that was clamped onto the Clements killing by state authorities was entirely unprecedented, considering the grandstand publicity which is dependably accorded to most other pot-harvest horror stories involving any sort of violence. Just a week previously, for example, TV stations and newspapers from Seattle to San Diego had carried thrilling accounts of how some unidentified party had crept up to a federally-leased pot-raiding helicopter, sitting on its pad unattended overnight near Willow Creek, and thrown two Molotov Cocktails at it (with no effect), and then allegedly riddled it with a fusillade of rifle bullets, causing \$60,000 in damage. The state's propaganda flacks for CAMP—"Cam-

paign Against Marijuana Planting," a federal-state-local eradication task force—spoon-fed all the electrifying details of this property-sabotage incident to the press with skill and verve, and the press dependably had a field day with it. Yet when the authorities, just days later, shot a 23-year-old youth to death in a pot patch—after he had supposedly been threatening an officer with a shotgun—the same propaganda flacks clammed up tight, and stonewalled all inquiries into it, and so the media failed to take any interest in it at all.

WHITEWASH IN THE WORKS?

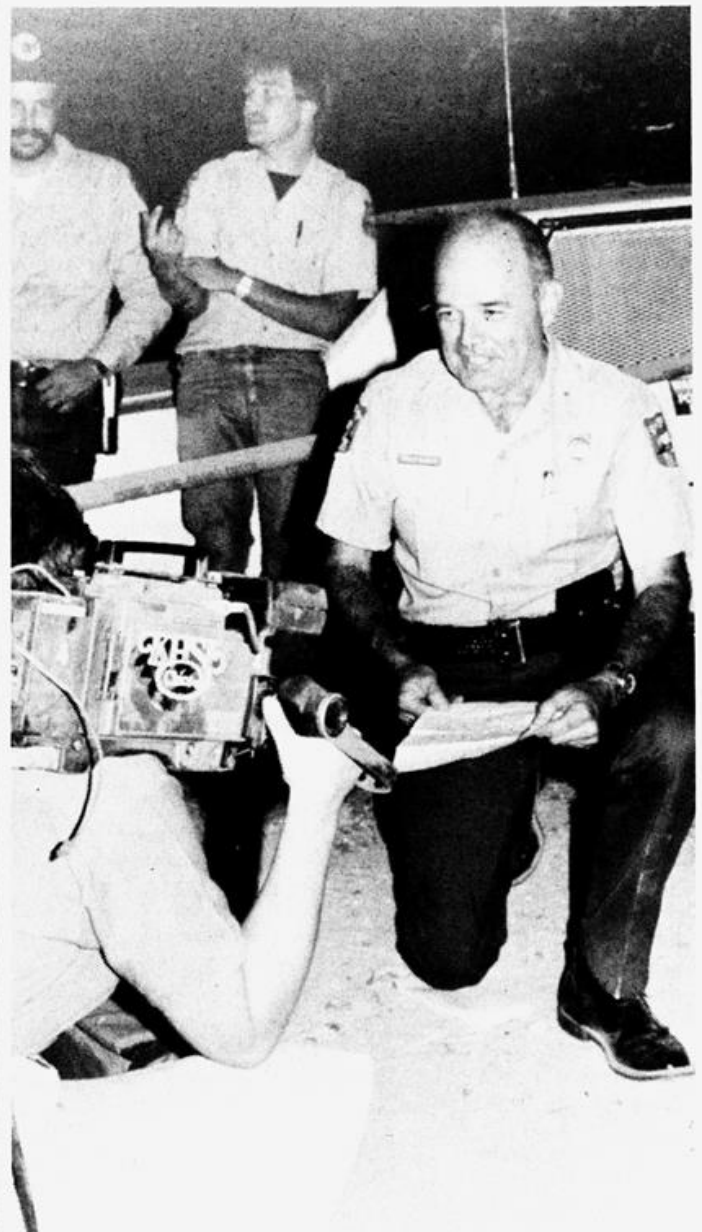
Chico attorneys Jerry Kenkle and Dennis Latimer, who specialize in representing local people charged with pot cultivation, say the pot patch where Clements was killed appears to have been brought up entirely by people from outside the area. (Police found a .22 rifle somewhere in the pot patch after the shooting, indicating that Clements was not working alone on the crop.) "They had 205 plants there," notes Latimer. "That's an awful lot of plants to be growing in one place, and not many people around here would risk that. It'd be too easy to spot from above. They were probably real ambitious amateurs from the city."

Observers deeply suspect that, considering the size of the planting, deputy Huffaker may have spotted it weeks or even months before the day of the abortive raid. Why it wasn't eradicated early on, before it was worth so much money that several people were obviously prepared to defend it from pot thieves, is a question put by *HIGH TIMES* to a veteran law-enforcement authority in Washington. "I can only tell you the DEA's reasoning for why they do that," he said. "When the feds come across a really major pot operation, they let the stuff grow until it's worth so much money that there are bound to be some really heavy investors involved with it. Then in late season, when they bust the hired hands tending or harvesting the stuff, they try to turn them over on the big investors in exchange for leniency. Maybe the

DEA recommended that technique to this county sheriff, or maybe he just figured he'd play it himself that way on this big, 200-plant garden. My question would be why he didn't ask the DEA to back him up with experienced narcotics officers, instead of a couple forest rangers."

Although the DEA's celebrated CAMP task force had two pot-chopping squads working elsewhere in Butte County on the day of the killing, CAMP information flack Kathi Cursaut in Sacramento denies that CAMP was involved in this Plumas Forest operation in any way whatsoever. "It's not CAMP policy to stake out mari-

juana gardens and try to arrest the growers," said Cursaut. "We just eradicate it where we find it. There was no CAMP connection to this incident." State assistant attorney general Tom Dove was just a little less categorical about it in a letter to Miranda attorney Ron Sinoway, who is suing to enjoin CAMP permanently from operation, on the basis of over 200 separate misconduct allegations compiled over the last three pot-harvest seasons; Dove simply advised Sinoway to read the local-paper accounts of the killing, in which the local police say they were not working with CAMP. ●



● Albert, lit by car headlights, explains killing to TV reporter, before media blackout began.

BASEBALL'S BEST HIT IN SNITCH-PARADE SCANDAL

by David Harrison

PITTSBURGH, P.A.

"MAJOR LEAGUE LEAD-Ed" was the title of our June '85 cover story, which probed the problem of drug abuse in professional and college sports. Though the article examined the effects of drugs on all the major sports, it focused heavily on baseball, debunking the image of the baseball player as the epitome of the superstraight, All-American athlete, not in a judgmental manner, but simply to reveal the depths of the problem in America's National Pastime. Based on information from sources close to a then-secret Pittsburgh grand jury investigation of drug use among big league ballplayers, writer Legs McNeil predicted, "It's safe to say that this investigation could lead to the most explosive base-

ball scandal since the Chicago White Sox threw the 1919 World Series." That prediction proved to be right on the money.

When the first trial resulting from the Pittsburgh investigation got underway, it quickly became obvious that not only had some of the biggest names in baseball been heavily involved with cocaine and/or other stimulants, but most of those players had snitched to the grand jury in order to save their own skins. As the trial progressed, the snitching continued. Player after player took the stand to admit past problems with coke (of course, each player claimed he would never touch the stuff again; they'd all learned their lessons and were properly—some might say sickeningly—contrite) and to finger their connection and name friends who had done dope with them.

The defense attorney ham-

mered away at this theme. "Without immunity," said Adam O. Renfroe, lawyer for accused dealer Curtis Strong, 38, "these ballplayers would lie

crease in salary (from \$65,000 to \$700,000 a year) for leading the National League in hitting and being named co-MVP in 1979. Hernandez had previous-

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DRUG FUROR JOLTS METS
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 ● **COMMISSIONER WEIGHS ACTION AGAINST PLAYERS**
 ● **Pennant race could be in peril**
 DRUGS SCANDAL THAT'S ROCKING BASEBALL WORLD — BACK

● N.Y. tabloids made "drug scandal" front-page news.

on anybody, anybody, to protect their standard of living."

Renfroe then said the words that the baseball owners and executives had dreaded to hear. "Ladies and gentlemen," he orated, addressing the jury, "we will show you that Major League Baseball is on trial here."

First up was Lonnie Smith, an outfielder for the Kansas City Royals, who fingered Strong and implicated his former St. Louis Cardinals teammates Gary Matthews, Keith Hernandez (now with the New York Mets) and Joaquin Andujar. (Hernandez and Andujar are perennial All-Stars.) Smith told the court that he had bought the cocaine, wrapped in "girlie magazines," from Strong, a one-time caterer for the Pittsburgh Pirates. The outfielder said the coke had made him feel "a little invincible," and admitted his role as middleman in numerous coke deals.

Next came Keith Hernandez, who testified for two-and-a-half hours about his use of "massive amounts of cocaine" from 1980 to 1983. The All-Star first baseman said his coke usage began after he had been rewarded with more than a ten-fold in-

ly told the grand jury that 40 percent of all major leaguers were using coke during the time he was a user, claiming that baseball players at the time had "a love affair" with the drug. Hernandez said that major league coke usage had sharply declined after three Royals players were sent to the slam on coke charges. He said that his personal problem with the drug peaked when it started to make him feel "like a demon."

"I woke up one morning," Hernandez recalled, "and my nose was bleeding, I had the shakes." He said he flushed a gram down the toilet and began the road to recovery. Hernandez summed up his feelings about cocaine by calling it "the devil on this earth." To Keith's credit, he did not finger any players whose names had not already come up during the trial or the grand jury hearing.

The same could not be said for Dale Berra, son of the immortal Yogi. Berra had publicly denied any involvement with drugs after being called before the grand jury last winter, although it quickly became obvious that he had sung a different tune behind the jury's closed

LES LEDBETTER, 1942-1985

by Dana Beal

NEW YORK CITY

LES LEDBETTER, CONFIDANT of HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade and long-time staffer for the *New York Times* who resigned in December '83 to edit the radical journal *Overthrow*, died in his sleep on July 29, just hours before he was to visit a doctor regarding a chronic case of pneumonia.

Les had long been active in left-liberal political causes and served as a White House courier and special protocol officer in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. During his days with Kennedy, Les was JFK's pot connection. Like the famous Kennedy rocking chair, the Prez used pot to ease the pain of the back injury he had received in WWII. Les had the requisite knowledge of D.C. and the staff position—kind of a glorified gofer—to end up being sent out for any sensitive items (pot, whiskey, etc.) the hedonistic

Kennedy White House might require.

The job with the Kennedy and Johnson administrations led to a position with the *Times*, where Ledbetter worked for 14 years. But in 1983, *Times* security personnel found two joints in Les's locker, and he was forced to undergo a two-month drug and alcohol detox program. Upon his return to the *Times*, Les was told that he would have to live, basically under surveillance, at a hotel of management's choosing. It was then that Les quit and went to work at *Overthrow*, followed by stints with the Mobilization for Survival and the Greens.

Les later moved to San Francisco, and it was there that he came down with the pneumonia that would eventually take his life.

HIGH TIMES deeply regrets the passing of this vital, vibrant man, who was not only a valuable champion of all the right causes but also a great guy to get high with. ●

doors. When Berra took the witness stand, he not only testified that he had bought coke from Strong, but also named Cincinnati Reds outfielder Dave Parker and retired ballplayer John Milner as fellow cokers. The real shocker came, however, when Berra testified that he had been given amphetamines by his former Pirates teammates Bill Madlock (another National League batting champ and All-Star) and Willie Stargell, the now-retired slugger who was one of the most beloved figures in baseball (and, ironically, the man who had shared MVP honors in '79 with Keith Hernandez).

When Dave Parker, yet another former National League batting champ and MVP, took the stand, he continued the snitch parade. Parker admitted using cocaine for six years, saying, "It was sort of the in thing to do." He then fingered Strong and named former Dodgers Dusty Baker and Derrell Thomas—both still playing in the major leagues—as the men

who had introduced him to the alleged connection. Parker also ratted on minor leaguer Manny Sarmiento, and in the process probably ruined any chance for

the Triple-A player to make it to the majors. He then confirmed Berra's testimony about Stargell and Madlock being the Pirates' source for amphetamines.



● Defendant Curtis Strong (r.) comes to court.



● Kansas City Royals outfielder Lonnie Smith (r.) was leadoff witness in coke trial.

The trial's biggest—and most controversial—bombshell was dropped the following day by John Milner. Milner testified that he had taken a mysterious stimulant called "red juice," which he found in the locker of baseball immortal Willie Mays.

"I guess the pharmacist made it for him," Milner had told the grand jury. "I don't know what kind of speed it was, but it kept your eyes open." In his grand jury testimony, Milner had referred to the source of this "red juice" merely as "Willie." When asked by Renfroe who "Willie" was, Milner replied, "Mays, Willie Mays. The great one. Yeah."

Courtroom spectators were stunned by this testimony, even though Milner admitted that he had never actually seen Mays consume any of the strange liquid. Renfroe later told reporters that he had been informed by pharmacists that "red juice" is made by dissolving an amphetamine capsule into water. (Ed. note: That's the first time we've ever heard of the stuff, if indeed it does exist.)

"It's just hearsay," Mays said when contacted by reporters. "I'm saying I don't know what he found in there. I don't do that

[drugs]. I never get involved with that."

The Pittsburgh trial was indeed a shabby spectacle, especially since most of the players involved are or were baseball superstars, idolized by millions of fans young and old. All of the players who testified claim to have conquered their cocaine problems, and we're certainly happy if that is the case. And the fans seem to have forgiven the players—Keith Hernandez was greeted with a standing ovation in his first appearance at his home ballpark after testifying. It's great to see that the fans are enlightened enough not to scorn someone just because of a substance abuse problem, especially when that problem has been overcome.

But it's going to be hard for us to erase the ugly memory of those players who rushed to rat on their connections, friends and teammates, just to save their own highly-paid hides. Because an estimated 40 percent of the players in America's most beloved sport were messing with cocaine, a federal prosecutor and grand jury decided somebody had to be punished. The people picked for punishment were not the players, but a few small-time dealers. (The largest amount Strong is alleged to have sold was an eighth of an ounce, and usually the deals involved a few grams or less.) These low-level dealers were made the scapegoats for baseball's cocaine problem, and a number of players, looking out for Number One, aided and abetted this ugly injustice.

We're not trying to make heroes out of the dealers—selling cocaine is an occupation of decidedly questionable karma. Nor do we think the players—or anyone, for that matter—should be punished for using drugs. But, as Bob Dylan once said, "To live outside the law you must be honest," and anyone who has ever been involved in any kind of outlaw activity—which unfortunately is the legal definition of drug use—knows that there's nothing lower than a snitch.

And so we were right back in June with our prediction of an explosive baseball scandal. But this is one time when we wish we'd been wrong. ●

HOLIDAY GIFT SUGGESTIONS:

For her: Liquid Crystal Marijuana Leaf Jewelry. Changes colors in response to body heat. Leaf Pendant w/16" chain: \$6.00. Stick pin: \$6.50. Pr. of earrings: \$10.00.

For him: Solid brass, oval belt buckle with raised marijuana leaf: \$15.00. Prices include postage and handling. Proceeds go toward changing the marijuana laws. Make checks payable to: **Activist News**, P.O. Box 20525, New York, NY 10025.

REFORM REPORTS

● **The Oregon Marijuana Initiative** would have appeared on the 1984 ballot, but the ballots were already printed by the time the Oregon Supreme Court made its ultimate decision. This October '84 decision followed months of legal maneuvering to properly place **OMI** on the ballot and political maneuvering designed to keep it off.

But this time—so as not to run out of time in case the Secretary of State, Attorney General, President's wife, etc., decide that they are not in favor of the citizens making an informed, well-reasoned choice—**OMI** is turning in their signatures six months early. Coinciding with the start of the rainy season, and therefore, the end of the petitioning blitz, **OMI's** in-house count has begun. They expect to turn in the collected signatures, totalling 100,000 by now. Then comes the "official count."

So, keep your fingers crossed, or roll out those checks. Your support is essential in order for the history-making, proposed *law* to be placed on the 1986 ballot and to pass the 1986 election. Even if **OMI** just gains ballot status, the resulting national media attention would bring the reform issue back out of the closets—regardless of whether the measure passed with the voters. The government has almost unlimited resources.

We must throw their advantage off-balance.

Oregon Marijuana Initiative
P.O. Box 8698
Portland, OR 97207
(503) 239-5134

INFORMATION, PLEASE

● **Upfront Drugs**, founded in 1973 and licensed as a non-profit, tax-exempt, drug information and education center, provides factual information on prescription medication, non-prescription medication, street drugs, herbs, chemicals, and other substances. *Upfront About...*, a pamphlet series on street drugs, deals with drug identification, and their effects, side effects, adverse reactions, drug interactions, precautions, risks and warnings. *Street Pharmacologist* is a monthly subscription publication about drug-related topics. *Upfront's* drug-information resource library, open to the public and professionals, contains general and hard-to-find data, books and journals.

Additional services provided by *Upfront* include speakers for schools, community and professional groups, business and industry; resource assistance for developing drug education programs; a drug analysis lab which analyzes samples for drug identification purposes and for possible dangerous contents, and a directory to refer clients to appropriate treatment facilities or health care professionals. For information, write *Upfront Drugs*, 5701 Biscayne Blvd., Suite 602, Miami, FL 33137, or call: (305) 757-2566.

ACTION ALERTS

● **Inflated Problem Escalates Defense Budget.** The U.S. House of Representatives passed a defense budget bill 364 to 51. The budget proposal includes provisions to allow the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines to search and arrest drug smugglers on the high

seas (if civilian authorities request help). The pending Senate version of the defense budget bill does not include this measure, which gives the military a major role in the War on Civilians.

● **Tip For a Good Letter** to the Editor or Your Rep: Ask them how much money was allocated for the latest military intervention (for say, the contras in Central America). Ask them to address your fears about your government using its military might improperly. Then ask them about the government's plans to use that power against its own citizens, i.e., military intervention in the "war against drugs."

● **Mass. Catches On.** Joining its 33 sister states who have already passed legislation allowing therapeutic use of marijuana, Massachusetts is faced with a Senate proposal to enact a research program that would allow patients with life-or-sense-threatening diseases, or those who have had bad side effects from or who are not responding to regular treatment, to obtain marijuana by participating in the program. If this measure is passed, Massachusetts will become one of the first states to officially recognize the benefits of marijuana smoking can have for asthma sufferers. Massachusetts residents: call your reps! Tell them that you support Senate bill #194!

URINALYSIS UPDATE — MALE UNDELIVERED

● **Although he passed** the written exam, a 29-year-old Philadelphia army veteran was turned down from a position with the post office because he flunked the urine test.

"I was devastated," said the Army veteran and unemployed mechanic, who lives in a Philadelphia suburb. "I'm a recovering alcoholic, and I haven't had a drink in a year. It's against my program, but I smoked one joint a couple days before I went for the physical."

TACKY TESTING

● **Attorney William Bowe**, representing five jockeys in New Jersey opposing random testing on the job, has proclaimed, "The courts have tra-

ditionally drawn a line around your body—not your clothes, but your body—that protects it." He believes that urine tests are "more intrusive" than body searches conducted in the New York prison system, which were ruled unconstitutional by the courts.

REFORM RESEARCH

● **Anthropologist Melanie Dreyer, Ph.D.**, currently on the NORML Board of Directors, is currently working on a study on marijuana and pregnancy in Jamaica. The Jamaican culture allows for a more accurate assessment of the effects of marijuana on the fetus. The participants in the U.S. studies done were multi-drug users. Preliminary indications are that babies born to mothers smoking marijuana are perhaps a little sleepier for the first 24 hours than the infants born to non-smoking mothers, but they are heavier and happier. Jamaican mothers who use cannabis regularly give ganja tea to their infants just after birth.

COURTS RULE

● In Suffolk County, New York, the Patchogue/Medford School District was denied the power to subject teachers eligible for tenure to drug tests. The teachers' union contested, and the Court agreed; however, the school district continues to test *prospective* employees. In Arkansas, the court has halted a school district's drug-screening practices. The decision was won by test opponents who framed their opposition on constitutional grounds.

The Activist News supports efforts geared toward creating rational drug policies, policies that do not violate basic constitutional freedoms. The public health, safety and welfare is best protected through an open exchange of accurate information that will allow individuals to make responsible, well-reasoned choices concerning their personal drug use.

The Activist News provides an open forum for public dialogue on reform issues. It focuses on the largest group of Americans disaffected by their country's antiquated, control-oriented drug policies. It is for this group of eight million American adults who use marijuana that this forum has been created.

Send your ideas, questions, calendar items for the "Action Agenda" (three months lead time), artwork, poems, articles, news clippings, resources and funding ideas to support this project to:

Activist News
P.O. Box 20525
New York, NY 10025



AMERICAN HERO POPPED IN POTFIELD

by Joe Gillis

CECIL COUNTY, M.D.

A WORLD WAR II MEDAL OF HONOR winner has been charged with growing marijuana in a Maryland cornfield. Jacklyn Lucas, 57, an ex-Marine who at 17 became the nation's youngest recipient of the coveted military honor, was popped by state troopers in northeast Maryland after a Department of Natural Resources plane spotted the pot growing on a farm where Lucas was living in a tent.

Lucas had been awarded his medal by President Harry Truman in 1945 for throwing himself on a live grenade to protect his Marine buddies and pulling a second grenade under his stomach, smothering both blasts. The doctor who treated Lucas for his wounds said the young Marine was "too damn young and too damn tough to die." Lucas was later honored by John F. Kennedy, who invited him to sit on the Presidential platform as he took the oath of office.

Maryland State Police claimed the 90 confiscated plants were worth \$90,000, and said they found several pot plants being dried in Lucas' tent, along with a rifle, a shotgun and three handguns, all of which were allegedly loaded. Lucas, however, denied any involvement with the pot-growing operation and portrayed himself as a victim of bad luck, a man who was simply in the wrong place at the

wrong time. "They think I'm a big wheel in a dope racket," he told reporters. "I don't smoke it or raise it. I knew the stuff was there on the farm, but I couldn't run up to my friend and tell him not to grow it. He did a lot of things for me."

Lucas does indeed seem to have been plagued by bad luck, even before the pot-growing bust. A number of bad business investments and two divorces had left him "nearly destitute" said the ex-Marine, who also noted that he owed the IRS \$135,000. To top it all off, his house had burned to the ground earlier this year, and he had been living in a friend's garage before moving into the tent on the cornfield.

If Lucas was indeed involved with the pot-growing operation—and those charges remain unproven as we go to press—his involvement certainly gives the lie to the Reagan administration's continuing attempt to depict marijuana farmers as violent outlaws who are the scourge of our nation. Lucas is a man who has been honored by two United States Presidents and whose Medal of Honor citation lauded him for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life and above and beyond the call of duty." If indeed some rough breaks in life led him to become involved with marijuana farming, the least the government can do to repay him for his heroism is to cut him loose on these petty charges. ●

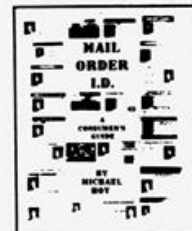
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COKE ADDICTS IN THEIR scores of millions registered a stunningly successful social protest last summer, by virtually boycotting the insipid "new" formulation of Coca-Cola, and forcing a return of the romantic traditional formula, under the brand-name "Coke Classic." And by doing this, reliable sources now advise me, we Coke addicts put a serious crimp in a long-standing clandestine project by the Drug Enforcement Administration to have cocaine placed on Schedule I of the Controlled Substances Act.

An upscheduling of cocaine from its current Schedule II status wouldn't have any effect on the coke trade, or coke prices, or the everlasting "cocaine epidemic" in the United States, of course. It would simply mean that researchers wouldn't be able to use it with humans or animals in lab tests, without extra-special government approval; and so the DEA and the National Institute on Drug Abuse would be able to control the *results* of cocaine medical research, among numerous other advantages.

There's an awkward problem with the way the basic cocaine law is written, though, which is where Coca-Cola comes in. Cocaine's only one of over 20 discrete alkaloids unique to the South American coca plant, and it's the whole plant that's controlled under the written statute: it bans the leaves of the erythroxylon coca plant, plus any extract, preparation, salts, alkaloids, etc., therefrom. Now, none of these associated coca-leaf extracts, besides cocaine, is notably psychoactive, but many of them smell very pleasant, and some of them taste quite delicious. It was for this reason, in the 1880s, that Asa Kandler and John Pemberton of Atlanta began infusing coca-leaf extract (plus *kola nut* extract!) into tasty carbonated syrups, and merchandising it as a patent tonic called Coca-Cola. And even after the cocaine went out of Coca-Cola in the 1920s, the nice folks in Atlanta went on producing *something* with the agreeable, unmistakable, unique aroma and flavor of South American coca leaves.



by Dean Latimer

THE GREAT COCA-COLA CAPER

And *this* is the mysterious "Merchandise Number Five," the secret flavoring agent in Coke, the exact nature of which has been kept secret from the public for the last 60-some years, by special dispensation of the federal government to the Coca-Cola people. Though no one outside Atlanta can say with certainty what this stuff is, exactly, informed chemistry experts agree that it probably partakes of such exotic coca-leaf attars and essences as cinnamate esters, Truxillic acids, and so on (plus the kola-nut juice). These little things could not hurt a test-tube fruitfly, or ever get anyone the least bit stoned, but they do taste unique, and rather *peppy* somehow.

And this is obviously what's missing from the miserable "new" formulation of Coke: the *taste* of Coke was taken out of Coke! Now, why would those Atlanta people be crazy enough to do that? If a thing works, why try to fix it?

The Coca-Cola people, of course, originally raised some

lame excuse about creating a "lighter" beverage, for this generation of yuppies who so much cherish light exercise, light beer, light sitcom telly humor, and colors like beige. And after coke quickly had to put the hallowed old "classic" taste back on the market, they were accused of staging the whole calamity as a publicity stunt.

But the *real* reason for this lamentable episode, whisper TWOK ("Those Who Ought To Know") is that Coca-Cola was responding to continuous requests from the almighty Drug Enforcement Administration that they please take their nasty old coca-leaf content off the market, so that the DEA can make an unchallenged bid to put *Cocaerythroxylan L.* on Schedule I forever. And when crusty old Robert Woodruff, who sort of inherited the outfit from the late Pemberton and Kandler, finally went paws up a year or so ago, the new generation at Coke Inc. just didn't have the right stuff to stand up to the pressure.

"It's so crazy it's most likely true," speculates a freelance Atlanta business consultant who has worked with both Coca-Cola, Inc., and with the Steppan Chemical Company in New Jersey, which supplies the fabled Andean ingredients for Merchandise Number Five. "Those Coca-Cola people are just *fiercely* patriotic and law-abiding, y'see. Sure thing. I can see where if the feds came along and told them to please change their formula for the good of the nation, even if it might make a dent in sales, those flag-waving, Bible-thumping suckers just might go ahead and *do* it!"

And what did these brave and honest souls get in return? They pretty obviously went damn near broke real quick, and had to trot the old formula back onto the shelves within four months of this lamentable decision.

As to whether this calamity was really another DEA adventure in creative law enforcement, who could possibly say for sure? You can't ask the DEA, because they lie about everything all the time anyhow, by policy, so's to keep the press at bay; if you lie to reporters all the time, see, the reporters will just stop asking questions at all, so there are plenty of government agencies that play the game this way.

One outfit that does not lie all the time, or even very often, is the Food and Drug Administration, however. In order to have cocaine upscheduled to Slot I, along with its associate coca alkaloids, the DEA would have to formally ask the FDA for permission to do so. So I asked an investigator in the FDA Compliance section—an FDA cop, that is—this simple question: "Is the DEA moving to put cocaine on Schedule I?"

Being an honest cop, he could not lie: "I'm not at liberty to say," was all he said. Which is about as good as confirmation, as far as I'm concerned. Clearly, we multitudes of indignant Coke addicts, by forcing a return of the beloved old Coca-Cola formula, also kept the federal government from gaining a total hammerlock on all cocaine research in the United States. I think we all deserve a Bud Light for that accomplishment. ●

SNORT'S FORT KNOX

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH FLORIDA

AS MUCH AS TEN TONS OF COCAINE IS BEING held by drug agents in a secret stash in South Florida, according to congressional investigators who have seen the awesome coke cache. The huge snort stash, snidely dubbed "the big nose-candy mountain" by the New York *Daily News*, is awaiting destruction orders from Florida courts that are clogged with coke cases causing the massive buildup of evidentiary toot. What put the congressional investigators on the case is the lightweight security that surrounds the stash. "It is valuable like Fort Knox is valuable," said one of the investigators, who estimated the value of the coke at \$3 billion. "But on the other hand, it is not guarded like Fort Knox." The investigator said there did not appear to be any alarms on the windows where the coke is kept, nor were there any automatic weapons in sight. "If somebody were a very daring, motivated criminal," the investigator concluded, "they could figure out that with a certain number of armed people, at a certain time of day, they could get a heck of a lot of dope." Such a robbery would be the biggest score in the history of the world. Is the DEA worried about the coke being ripped off? DEA spokesman William Yout told *Inside Drug Law*, "We think about it every day."

In the meantime, according to Miami attorney Samuel Burstyn, "It's my guess that the largest owner of cocaine today is the United States government." ●



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ANALYSIS

GOVERNMENT VS. GROWERS: IMAGE AND REALITY

by Gene Wheelwright

ALTHOUGH THIS IS THE DECEMBER ISSUE of HIGH TIMES, designed to celebrate that joyful time of year when the harvest is in and the larders are full, the fact is that, as we go to press, we here in New York City in late September are still enduring the tail end of the annual pre-harvest dope drought—when all the summer stashes have been exhausted, resinous sinsemilla buds are but a memory of distant days, and the shortage of decent smoking product has become so acute that abstention threatens to become a viable alternative. These, in other words, are the dog days of the underground market—and this year in particular they seem like dark days as well.

All summer the federal government's paramilitary forces have been out in the fields implementing the DEA's "Campaign Against Marijuana Planting"—climaxing with August's 48-state-coordinated media display code-named "Operation Delta-9"—wherein Attorney General Ed Meese seized on every available photo-opportunity to be seen riding herd on the year's \$2.9 million search-and-destroy operation.

Standing before an Arkansas National Guard helicopter draped with uprooted marijuana plants, Meese proclaimed to the TV cameras, "It is important that we do this here, to show that we are willing to eradicate marijuana within our own country just as we are working with other countries to eradicate crops there." Thus, once again, was disclosed the priority of the *image* to our Hollywood government—and the heavy-handed duplicity ("to show that we are willing") of its "drug war" strategems.

As with the proxy war in Nicaragua, the surface lies that are meant to disguise the hired-gun methods only make the methods more obviously sleazy. It should be clear by now even to the populace of Video-America that the forces of CAMP, out there whacking down valuable crops and terrorizing the populace, are Reagan's domestic *contras*.

And in case you have any doubt that this country's subculture of growers qualifies like the *Sandinistas* as one of conservative America's favorite scapegoats, there were these further remarks from the Meese proclamation: "The criminal cultivation of marijuana is invariably accompanied by other serious crimes, including crimes of violence,

as growers and their associates go to any lengths to protect their efforts to harvest, transport and market their crop...

"We will continue to tear up and destroy the plants wherever we encounter them. The growers should know we consider them criminals, and together with state and local law-enforcement agencies we will do everything in our power to send them to prison."

A week later, one of the more ironic typographical errors of the year appeared in the Sunday *New York Times*. "State Joins Battle Against Marijuana" was the headline over an article about Connecticut's self-promotional effort to attract more moviemaking and media activity; while "Connecticut Seeks A Starring Role" appeared in 36-point type over the piece on the federal funding of a new CAMP operation in Connecticut. Considering how they were falling all over each other down in Arkansas to have their picture taken with Big Ed, you could assume that each of those 48 states which utilized federal funding for marijuana eradication was, if not literally seeking a starring role, certainly concerned to protect and improve its own *image*—at the price of psychological and financial devastation to a small and apparently expendable percentage of its citizenry.

What can we expect to be the long-range fallout from this obfuscatory play of images as it affects real people leading real lives? In the tri-county area of Northern California known as the Emerald Triangle, which has been used as both operations HQ and training ground for the national campaign, the feds are claiming a 40 percent dent in the annual production of pot for those counties. Correspondingly, 40 percent of the former growing population of the area seems to have moved entirely away. Only small growers are around now to get busted.

So where did all the big growers go? One of our local contacts, the Wheeler-Dealer, offered an answer: Where he lives, two counties away from the notorious Triangle, there wasn't much heat at all this year—he had just brought in 500 full-grown plants with minimal hassle. And a mutual friend had already harvested upwards of 5,000 plants, and was bagging them up for shipment. Since sinsemilla was only \$2,200 or so a pound this time of year, he asked, would anyone in New York be interested?

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

UNITED STATES

National Market

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|---|------|-----------|
| U.S. sinsemilla | grade A fancy, just breaking loose | oz | \$150-250 |
| | domestic, Vt., Ind., Wyo. & such | lb | 1800-2250 |
| Hawaiian sinse | premium prices—but getting out | oz | 150-200 |
| Mexican commercial | pseudo-sinse, new waves | lb | 1400-2000 |
| Thai weed | "bow-Thais," compressed kilo cans | oz | 250-300 |
| | loose buds, greenish-goldish | lb | 2250-3000 |
| Jamaican lamb'sbread | sticky buds, best jam | oz | 75-150 |
| Jamaican commercial | dark, dry, musty and earthy | lb | 600-950 |
| Colombian commercial | headache—dreaded dirtweed | oz | 150-175 |
| Afghani hash | funding the rebels, one hopes | lb | 1450-1800 |
| mushrooms | <i>P. cubensis</i> , sing the body electric | oz | 150-175 |
| LSD | random blots | 100 | 1500-1750 |
| MDMA, "XTC," "Ecstasy" | new high, leaves ego intact | one | 100-125 |
| cocaine | blizzard, overbearing whiteout | oz | 1150-1400 |
| | | kilo | 50-75 |
| | | | 450-700 |
| | | | 50-75 |
| | | | 450-600 |
| | | | 1400-1600 |

Area Bulletins

| | | | |
|------------------------|---|---------|---------|
| Atlanta, Ga. | north Ga. sinse, "buzz city" | oz | \$125 |
| | LSD, white blots | one | 5 |
| | "XTC," "fresh kick" | 100 | 200 |
| | | one | 10 |
| Beckley, W. Va. | West Virginia sinsemilla | oz | 150 |
| | homegrown leaf, no great shake | lb | 1450 |
| | Colombian reg, ever-present | oz | 25 |
| | hashish, rare acid, dolphin blotter | lb | 300 |
| | coke, or something very like moonshine, price doubled in 2 yrs. | 1/4-oz | 90 |
| | | one | 650 |
| | | gm | 40 |
| | | oz | 5 |
| | | oz | 100 |
| | | oz | 1600 |
| | | gal | 25-30 |
| Brawley, Calif. | Thai, loose, opium-sprinkled | 1/4-oz | 25 |
| Caro, Mich. | local sinse, light green, very good | oz | 150 |
| | homegrown, dark green, not so good | lb | 70-80 |
| | Mexican brown, "OK, seedy" | 1/4-oz | 10 |
| | Colombo, brown, "shitweed" | oz | 35 |
| | hash, green, dark outside | oz | 55-60 |
| | LSD, purple micro-dot, "OK" | 1/4-lb. | 175-180 |
| | LSD, everglade pic, "heavy buzz" | oz | 50-55 |
| | cocaine, "too much cut" | lb | 550-600 |
| | | gm | 15 |
| | | 1/4-oz | 50-55 |
| | | one | 2-2.50 |
| | | 100 | 100-110 |
| | | one | 3 |
| | | 100 | 125 |
| | | line | 5 |
| | | 1/4-gm | 25 |
| Charlotte, N.C. | see Greensboro/Charlotte, N.C. | | |
| Denver | 3rd-generation Afghani buds | oz | 180 |
| | Mexican redbud, essential smoke | oz | 80 |
| | Tahitian, "good pot, not fancy" | lb | 800 |
| | mushrooms, home-grown cubensis | oz | 150 |
| | acid, Grateful Dead 20th anniversary | 1/4-oz | 30 |
| | white lightning | one | 5 |
| | coke, pure rock, | 100 | 125 |
| | Peruvian | 1000 | 950 |
| | Mexican marsh, pressed "sinse" | gm | 115 |
| | 'shrooms, "hand/home-picked" | oz | 1950 |
| | cocaine, "trampled over & over" | 1/2-lb | 120 |
| | | gm | 5 |

Dover, Del.

Greensboro/Charlotte, N.C.

crank, crushed pills, yuckola
crank, brown, "big burn, great ride"
tarheel sinse, quality buds
hash, blond Leb, "OK at best"
LSD, moon & star blotter
mushrooms, "mindblowing"
cocaine, "rocks, with luck"
imported indica, "stupor skunk"

Las Vegas, Nev.

sativa, red-haired latina
commercial, brown stuff
coke, Peruvian "high roller"
coke, "strip powder," no rocks
sinsemilla, "origin unknown"
homegrown buds, "decent"

Long Island (eastern), N.Y.

indica, seedy 'shrooms, non-descript but real
mesclain, purple micro-dot
acid, plain blotter, "very rare"
coke, "from crap to great"

Manasquan, N.J.

Miami

Calif. sinse buds, "1st-class sticky"
'shrooms, "scarce and expensive"
coke, A1A, seductive shale
coke, like a doormat, 25% pure
imported bud, "dry, but still high"

Nelsonville, Ohio

New Paltz, N.Y.

mushrooms, "primo"
LSD, red-heart winduppane, "atomic"
LSD, cool-tube blotter, "weak"
"mesc," blue, "okay"

New York City

Hawaiian buds, empyrean heights
N.Y. state sinse, early harvest
California sinsemilla, still rare
Florida panhandle sinse budlets

Paris—Moroccan hash

Colombian weed

Marseilles—Moroccan hash

Ghanaian grass

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High Times 29

| | | | |
|--|---|----------|-----------|
| | crank, crushed pills, yuckola | 1/4-gm | 25 |
| | crank, brown, "big burn, great ride" | gm | 60-65 |
| | tarheel sinse, quality buds | oz | 105 |
| | hash, blond Leb, "OK at best" | gm | 6 |
| | LSD, moon & star blotter | one | 3 |
| | mushrooms, "mindblowing" | gm | 6 |
| | cocaine, "rocks, with luck" | oz | 100 |
| | imported indica, "stupor skunk" | 1/4-oz | 250 |
| | sativa, red-haired latina | oz | 120 |
| | commercial, brown stuff | oz | 50-55 |
| | coke, Peruvian "high roller" | gm | 100 |
| | coke, "strip powder," no rocks | 3 1/2-gm | 320 |
| | sinsemilla, "origin unknown" | gm | 90-100 |
| | homegrown buds, "decent" | oz | 140-160 |
| | indica, seedy 'shrooms, non-descript but real | oz | 120 |
| | mesclain, purple micro-dot | oz | 135 |
| | acid, plain blotter, "very rare" | gm | 10-15 |
| | coke, "from crap to great" | one | 5-6 |
| | Calif. sinse buds, "1st-class sticky" | one | 6-10 |
| | 'shrooms, "scarce and expensive" | gm | 100-120 |
| | coke, A1A, seductive shale | oz | 100 |
| | coke, like a doormat, 25% pure | oz | 125-140 |
| | imported bud, "dry, but still high" | gm | 85-90 |
| | mushrooms, "primo" | gm | 50-60 |
| | LSD, red-heart winduppane, "atomic" | oz | 80 |
| | LSD, cool-tube blotter, "weak" | lb | 1000 |
| | "mesc," blue, "okay" | oz | 40 |
| | Hawaiian buds, empyrean heights | one | 3 |
| | N.Y. state sinse, early harvest | one | 3 |
| | California sinsemilla, still rare | 10 | 25 |
| | Florida panhandle sinse budlets | oz | 260-300 |
| | Thai, pressed kilos, "bongo bows" | lb | 2600-3000 |
| | Thai tops | oz | 200-250 |
| | Jamaican lamb'sbread, staff o' life | lb | 2500 |
| | Mexican greens, sinse, sort of | oz | 225-300 |
| | chocolats | lb | 2500-3000 |
| | americains | oz | 100 |
| | Afghani black hash | oz | 150-175 |
| | cocaine, Colombo, ivory snow | lb | 1450-1800 |
| | cocaine, "Brazilian gold," lunar allure | lb | 1250-1625 |
| | blotter acid, "looney tunes" | oz | 125-150 |
| | "ganji (w/opium)" | lb | 900-1200 |
| | indica buds, innuocuous | oz | 75-125 |
| | Mexican, hi-grade, moist as mist | lb | 690-815 |
| | Mexican, lo-grade, dry as dust | one | 2.50-3.50 |
| | <i>P. cubensis</i> , "ol' fuckin' reliable!" | oz | 1100-1500 |
| | LSD, red or blue pyramids, 50-mcg. | oz | 1600-1800 |
| | | 1/4-lb | 5200-5600 |
| | | one | 3-5 |
| | | oz | 200 |
| | | oz | 120 |
| | | oz | 100 |
| | | oz | 60 |
| | | oz | 30-60 |
| | | one | 5 |

San Francisco

No. Calif. sinsemilla tops
Thai, white light from brown trash
"Bow-Thais," compressed
"T-shirts," Thai, vacuum-bagged
Mexican, low-octane sinse
chocolats

Tallahassee, Fla.

americains
mushrooms, high-quality *cubensis*
coke, pure, plentiful, available
swamp buds, musky indica
domestic indica, manicured buds
Thai, vacuum-bagged kilos
coke, better/worse than ever
"organic indica oil," sticky fingers

Washington, D.C.

worth its weight in pearls

Perth—cocaine

domestic sinse

Mexican "sinse"

Colombian

Afghani hash

mushrooms

acid

Winnipeg—B.C. redbuds

Mexican hash, gold-seal hash oil

cocaine

Paris—Moroccan hash

Colombian weed

Marseilles—Moroccan hash

Ghanaian grass

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| | | | |
|--|---|--------|-----------|
| | LSD, moon & star, "juicy little hits" | one | 5 |
| | Valium, blue 10-mg., blown-down blooz | one | 1 |
| | No. Calif. sinsemilla tops | oz | 150-200 |
| | Thai, white light from brown trash | lb | 1800-2200 |
| | "Bow-Thais," compressed | oz | 100 |
| | "T-shirts," Thai, vacuum-bagged | oz | 1300-1400 |
| | Mexican, low-octane sinse | lb | 125-150 |
| | chocolats | lb | 1400-1500 |
| | americains | oz | 150-175 |
| | mushrooms, high-quality <i>cubensis</i> | lb | 1700-1800 |
| | coke, pure, plentiful, available | oz | 75-100 |
| | swamp buds, musky indica | lb | 600-800 |
| | domestic indica, manicured buds | oz | 1.50-1.75 |
| | Thai, vacuum-bagged kilos | oz | 75-150 |
| | coke, better/worse than ever | gm | 450-800 |
| | "organic indica oil," sticky fingers | oz | 75-100 |
| | | 1/2-oz | 1450-1550 |
| | | gm | 200 |
| | | oz | 150 |
| | | lb | 2000 |
| | | oz | 100 |
| | | lb | 1300-1400 |
| | | gm | 50-175 |
| | | oz | 1425 |
| | | gm | 35 |
| | | 1/2-oz | 250 |

AUSTRALIA

CANADA (Central)

domestic sinse

Mexican "sinse"

Colombian

Afghani hash

mushrooms

acid

Winnipeg—B.C. redbuds

Mexican hash, gold-seal hash oil

cocaine

Paris—Moroccan hash

Colombian weed

Marseilles—Moroccan hash

Ghanaian grass

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ABUSE FOLIO

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.



OVER-THE-COUNTER COLD REMEDIES

AKA

● A vast array of bewildering brand names that are often seen in media advertising. These include but are not limited to: A.R.M.[®], Alka-Seltzer Plus[®], Alle-rest[®], Comtrex[®], Contac[®], Coricidin[®], Dimetan[®], Dristan[®], Formula 44[®], Novahistine[®], Nyquil[®], Sinarest[®], Sine-Off[®], Sinutab[®], Sudafed[®], Triaminic[®], Tussagesic[®],¹ etc., etc., etc. To make

matters more confusing, many of these have several different forms and preparations to choose from as well, such as pills, capsules and syrups.

CHARGES

● The primary charge leveled against over-the-counter cold medicines is that they don't really do anything beyond providing some symptomatic relief that might be better provided by rest and proper liquid intake. In some cases, it has been charged that the symptoms do more to hasten the course of the cold to completion than the medicine does. Some people have reported undesirable side effects from cold remedies. Certain

● Looking for relief from a cold? Skip these "medications" and get a good night's sleep.

cold medicines may contain psychoactive substances, including alcohol and non-scheduled stimulants and sedative-hypnotics that can cause problems if used excessively.

NATURE AND USE

● The "common cold" has been with us for a long time, but is still little understood, even in medical circles. Some maintain that this collection of non-lethal symptoms is nature's way of telling us we have to take it easy for a few days. Others, often those who may need a week or so worth of bed rest the most, try to stay on their feet. They look for quick relief in a twenty-four hour cough suppressant capsule or a restorative night's sleep in a shot-glass of green liquid.

Although we have many commercial, over-the-counter cold remedies, there are actually only four types of drugs recognized as effective against cold symptoms. These are decongestants, antihistamines, pain relievers and cough suppressants.² Most cold preparations contain a combination of these drugs, while some feature one or another for the relief of a specific symptom.

Decongestants both decrease the swelling of mucous membrane and the production of mucus. They can stop the type of cough that results from irritating mucus draining down the back of the throat, more commonly known as post-nasal drip. These drugs are stimulants, and work in part by shrinking the size of tiny blood vessels or capillaries. This vasoconstriction is common to all stimulants. Decongestants can be ingested or taken topically as nose drops or sprays. The most common drugs in this group are phenylpropanolamine (PPA), pseudoephedrine and phenylephrine.

Antihistamines actually affect the body's reaction to irritants by blocking the production of histamines. These are internally produced counter-irritants which may often cause more distressing symptoms than the original problem. Histamines are the villains in many allergic reactions such as "hay fever" and systemic reactions to insect stings. The antihistamine drugs are the most helpful in such allergic reactions, but play a minor role in the classic cold where histamines do not play a major role. These drugs include chlorpheniramine,

continued on page 65



"Hey! I busted you first"



VIGILANTES AGAINST NARCOTICS

THE VAN OATH

WHEREAS LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENTS HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO STEM THE FLOW OF MARIJUANA, AND OTHER ILLEGAL DRUGS INTO THIS COUNTRY, AND WHEREAS LEGAL LOOPHOLES AND SO CALLED CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS HAVE FURTHER HINDERED LAW ENFORCEMENT I (VAN Member) DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR AS A REGISTERED LIFE LONG MEMBER OF VAN (VIGILANTES AGAINST NARCOTICS) TO DO ALL IN MY POWER TO ELIMINATE NARCOTICS AND NARCOTIC TRAFFICKERS. NO MATTER WHAT THE RISK, I SHALL ATTEMPT TO INFILTRATE NARCOTICS ORGANIZATIONS AND IF NECESSARY EVEN SIMULATE THE USE AND DISTRIBUTION OF ILLEGAL DRUGS UNTIL THE LAST NARCOTICS TRAFFICKER IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. SO HELP ME GOD.

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TIMES find it
shocking that a look-
the-other-way
attitude is helping
spread an epidemic
of AIDS among IV
drug users.

Victims Without a Voice

*As the AIDS furor
reaches a fever pitch, one
group has emerged as the
most vulnerable:
intravenous drug users.
PAT CALIFIA examines
an explosive situation.*

When AIDS first appeared, it was perhaps a toss-up to determine which of the top three risk groups was in least favor with the mainstream American public: gay men, IV drug users, or Haitian immigrants... gay men and—to a lesser degree—Haitian-Americans quickly mobilized their constituencies to direct medical and media attention to their plights. Hemophiliacs... soon followed suit. Left behind were the IV drug abusers, a group without any organized advocacy in this country. And yet this group may be *most* at risk for AIDS.”—Michael Helquist, “The Neglected Risk Group,” *Coming Up!*, January 1985.

Sex and Drugs and... AIDS?!?

In New York City, the Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) is now the No. 1 killer of men between the ages of 30 and 39, and the No. 2 killer of women aged 30 to 34. If present trends hold, warned Alan Kristal, director of the city's Office of Epidemiologic Surveillance and Statistics, “By 1986, AIDS will be the leading cause of death of males between 15 and 64.”¹

This wasting disease, in which the body's natural defenses against infection gradually cease to function, is a sad, painful, frightening way to die. According to the San Fran-

cisco AIDS Foundation, well over half of the people diagnosed as having AIDS prior to a year ago are now dead. We still do not have a complete picture of the etiology or epidemiology of this disease. Researchers are assuming that a virus called HTLV-III or LAV is responsible, but do not know if other factors (such as infection with cytomegalovirus, intestinal parasites, repeated bouts of syphilis or gonorrhea, malnutrition, or genetic predisposition) have to be present before exposure to HTLV-III results in AIDS.

*AIDS among IV
drug users has
the potential to
be even more
explosive than
among gay men.*



Symptoms of AIDS

● Some of the symptoms for AIDS are also symptoms of other diseases. If you have two or more of the following conditions for more than a month, see your doctor—especially if you are a member of one of the high-risk groups (a gay or bisexual man who is sexually active with multiple partners, anyone who has high numbers of sex partners they exchange body fluids with, someone who uses drugs intravenously and has shared needles, or a sexual partner of someone at risk for AIDS).

● Unusual fatigue, combined with headache, dizziness, or light-headedness

● Weight loss of more than 10 pounds over two months, which is not due to dieting or exercise

● Night sweats or fever

● Swollen lymph glands in the neck, groin, or armpits

● Heavy, dry cough or shortness of breath that is not due to asthma or smoking, and has lasted too long to be a cold or flu

● Thrush (a thick, white coating on the tongue or throat, caused by a yeast infection—may be accompanied by a sore throat)

● Pink, purple or discolored marks, bumps, or patches—often will appear on the ankles and legs first, or inside the mouth

● Diarrhea that lasts for more than one month

● Bruising more easily than normal

AIDS is transmitted by sexual contact or by sharing needles. *You cannot catch AIDS from casual social contact.* Shaking hands, using the same toilet or shower, or eating on dishes that were handled by someone with AIDS will not make you sick. ●

*The best way
for IV drug users
to reduce their
risk is to stop
shooting drugs...*

Since it appeared, AIDS has been stereotyped as "the gay plague." It first hit print in 1980 as "gay pneumonia" when there was an outbreak of cases of a rare lung infection, pneumocystis carinii (PCP), among homosexual men. A similar outbreak of PCP among New York City junkies in December of 1981 was ignored by the mass media.² This is indicative of the way in which IV drug users' risk has been ignored or misrepresented in general by the establishment. When it appeared that PCP was only one of many "opportunistic infections" taking advantage of an underlying problem, a failing immune system, the media coined a new term—"GRID" (Gay-Related Immune Deficiency). Although AIDS is a more neutral (and accurate) term, most heterosexuals assume that they are at little or no risk for contracting AIDS. In a Gallup poll recently conducted for *Newsweek*, 759 people were asked, "How worried are you that you or someone you know will get AIDS?" Only 14 percent were "very worried," 27 percent "a little worried" and 31 percent "not at all worried."³

The media are not wholly to blame. The Centers for Disease Control (CDC), the only source of national statistics about AIDS, has much to answer for about how AIDS is (mis-) perceived.

The CDC issues weekly reports on how many cases have been diagnosed in the U.S., broken down by "patient characteristics." The proportions of these groups in relation to one another have been relatively stable for some time. Gay/bisexual males always head the list, supposedly representing about 73 percent of the total cases, followed by IV drug users (17 percent), hemophiliacs (one percent), heterosexual contact (one percent), transfusions (two percent), and none of the above/other (seven percent).⁴ But these groups are "hierarchically ranked"—that is, a gay/bisexual male who is also an IV drug user will only be listed in the first category because it is "most prevalent." Thus, the figures the CDC gives for AIDS cases among IV drug users are inaccurate. If gay and bisexual men who used drugs intravenously are included, about 36 percent of the people with AIDS in the U.S. have histories of shooting up.⁵

The New York City Department of Health reports are more detailed than the CDC's. Their May 29, 1985 AIDS Surveillance Update tables are broken down by sex, sexual orientation, and history of IV drug use, as well as other risk factors. Using this method of calculation, 2054 (56 percent) of all of New York City's AIDS cases were homosexual/bisexual males with no history of IV drug use. IV drug use is a risk factor in 1239 (33 percent) of the city's AIDS cases. For pediatric cases, 72 percent had at least one parent who was an IV drug user.

According to the San Francisco Dept. of Public Health, as of May 30, 1985, 22 percent of women with AIDS in that city reported IV drug use. Among men with AIDS, IV drug use was reported by 13 percent of gay men, 26 percent of bisexual men, and 46 percent of heterosexuals.

As you can see, IV drug use is a much more important risk factor than the tables routinely supplied by the CDC would lead you to believe. There is no excuse for distorting AIDS statistics this way. They have the information, but the CDC chooses not to report it. Their "hierarchy of risk" is based on anti-sex ideology, not medical fact. AIDS can be transmitted both by sexual contact and by contaminated blood or needles. But we do not know which behavior—sex that involves the exchange of body fluids or sharing needles—carries the highest risk of contracting AIDS.

When I asked Barbara Faltz of the AIDS Substance Abuse Program in San Francisco what needs to be done to warn IV drug users about the risk of AIDS, she said, "We need a mass-media campaign similar to large-scale education about 'safe sex' that's been done in the gay male community." ("Safe sex" is a term for erotic activity that protects you from coming into contact with semen, blood, or other body fluids that might contain HTLV-III.) However, safe sex materials have run into censorship, and materials about shooting up and AIDS are having similar problems.

In Ottawa, a staff member of the AIDS Committee of Toronto told me that his organization got flak for running an ad that shows a muscular man, his arm tied off and needle poised, with the text: "NEEDLES: It doesn't matter if you shoot into a vein or just under the skin. *Never* share needles. If you do you could get AIDS." The Committee was told by the Advertising Standards Commission that it does, too, matter if you shoot up, and to stop advocating IV drug use or else. "How can you educate people about not sharing needles without talking explicitly about shooting up?" he asked me. They have no plans to run the ad again.

Los Angeles County and the federal government financed printing of a pamphlet on AIDS and needle use, only to have three County supervisors call for an investigation on the grounds that the pamphlet "gives advice on how to safely inject drugs." Distribution of the pamphlet has been halted.

Education and Self-Help

It's an uphill battle in a climate like this to get the powers-that-be to spend public funds on educating people about how to have sex or use drugs without giving themselves and their partners a fatal disease. In this era of Reagan, the official attitude seems to be that any sex that takes place outside a monogamous marriage is perverse and shooting up is self-destructive, and who cares if queers and junkies die? If they want to stay alive, they're going to have to take care of themselves.

The San Francisco AIDS Foundation (SFAF) was one the first groups to realize this and produce (with the assistance of the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic) educational material about IV drug use and AIDS. This is surprising, considering that San Francisco has one of the lowest rates of AIDS cases attributed to IV drug use. According to Holly Smith, SFAF's public information officer, about 12.4 percent of the gay male cases in her city have a history of IV drug use, but only 0.7 percent are attributable to IV drug use alone. Their pamphlet, "Shooting Up and Your Health," is in English and Spanish, and is also distributed in New York by the Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC). The foundation and the clinic have also done posters about AIDS for methadone clinics and radio public service announcements.

Federico Gonzalez, GMHC's director of education, told me that he estimates 30 percent of their direct clinical services (including counseling, legal assistance, financial aid, and referrals to medical help) are going to IV drug users, and 50 percent of their educational efforts are directed to this group. Gonzalez said, "There is a problem with AIDS being stereotyped as a gay disease. Some clients find it difficult to call us for direct services. One of the things we stress in education is that the germ does *not* discriminate." GMHC's only funding is from private sources and, recently, the New York

State AIDS Institute. They have yet to receive the funds from a promised New York City Dept. of Health grant. Thus far, they have reached only the staff and clients of methadone programs, and need to extend their services to folks who are not in treatment, especially the patrons of shooting galleries that rent works.

Gonzalez faulted the SFAF pamphlet for not "emphasizing that AIDS can be transmitted when needles are used in piercing, tattooing, or by weightlifters or bodybuilders who inject steroids." Gonzalez believes it would greatly reduce the spread of AIDS if people could buy sterile works at pharmacies, and warned that some pre-packaged needles sold by street dealers are not, in fact, sterile. When asked if legalizing paraphernalia would not be viewed as advocating drug addiction, Gonzalez' sensible answer was, "Brochures that use scare tactics to get people to stop using drugs won't work any more than brochures that try to get people to stop having sex. We must concentrate on educating people not to share needles. The decision to stop using drugs is a totally separate issue. When I do speaking about AIDS, users don't start listening to me until I tell them I am not there to make any judgments about drugs."

He also mentioned the stereotype that "junkies are not healthy and don't care, but the fact is they can change their behavior." This point of view is supported by a recent study which found that increasing numbers of users were buying needles from street vendors who claimed to have sterile wares. Dr. Don C. DesJarlais of the New York State Division of Substance Abuse reported that a field study conducted by former addicts found that 18 of 22 vendors reported an increase in sales of needles from a year ago, and four of the 18 believed AIDS was the reason why.⁶

On the other hand, Faltz told me that she

*...but if you
continue to use
IV drugs, never
share works.*

Resource Guide

For more information you can call:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| ● New York State AIDS Hotline | 1-800-462-1884 |
| ● Northern California AIDS Hotline | 1-800-FOR-AIDS |
| ● New Jersey AIDS Hotline | 1-800-624-2377 |
| ● National Gay Task Force Hotline | 1-800-221-7044 |
| ● U.S. Public Health Service | 1-800-342-AIDS |
| ● Gay Men's Health Crisis | (212) 807-6655 |
| ● Hemophilia Foundation | (212) 682-5510 |
| ● Haitian Coalition | (718) 855-7275 |
| ● San Francisco AIDS Foundation | (415) 863-AIDS |

Or you can write to: The AIDS Institute, New York State Health Department, Empire State Plaza, Corning Tower, Room 1931, Albany, NY 12237. ●

continued from previous page

feels very strongly that legalizing paraphernalia would only give users the message that shooting up is OK, and that people will continue to share any needles they have. She says educational efforts which emphasize that "AIDS hurts" are more important. "IV drug users are not afraid of death, but they don't like pain. The fact that AIDS is a slow, debilitating disease scares them."

John Newmeyer of the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic could help resolve this controversy. Newmeyer (the author of "Shooting Up and Your Health") is the chief epidemiologist of a federally-funded research and information project on AIDS and IV drug use. He told me data might be available soon on just how amenable addicts are to education about cleaning their works and not sharing them. Newmeyer's research involves evaluating the sex histories and immune status of 400 IV drug users currently in treatment, and doing an ethnographic survey of IV drug users "on the street"—their attitudes and beliefs about AIDS, sharing needles, and how to implement risk reduction education.

AID-Atlanta has gotten a \$12,513 grant from the U.S. Conference of Mayors. Some of that money will be spent to develop education for IV drug users. Paul Plate, acting director, told me that he met in early August with representatives of the state Dept. of Alcohol and Drug Abuse to plan a survey of what needs to be done in Georgia. They have also written a brochure that will soon be ready for distribution.

Another U.S. Conference of Mayors grant went to the New Jersey Personal Liberty Fund (\$20,000). This grant is to focus educational efforts on the Northeastern metropolitan area of New Jersey. I spoke with Robert Goodman, one of the part-time health educators hired by this grant, who told me that he will be working with drug rehabilitation, minority community groups, and health care providers to reach black and third world gays who are IV drug users. According to Goodman, eight to nine percent of New Jersey AIDS cases are gay men who are IV drug users. A study recently conducted by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation indicates that this group is especially important to reach. Eighty percent of the 500 gay or bisexual men surveyed indicated they had adopted risk-reduction sexual activities. However, the three percent of men in the study who admitted to IV use of drugs accounted for 38 percent of all high-risk sexual behavior.⁷

Since New Jersey has the heaviest case-load of AIDS cases attributed to IV drug use, I spoke with Patricia Nisler, principal training technician, Communicable Disease

Operations Program, New Jersey State Dept. of Health, to find out what her agency is doing about this health crisis. Their pamphlet has a hierarchy of warnings about IV drug use. "We tell people that even occasional shooting of speed, cocaine, and heroin is risky. The best way to reduce your risk is to stop shooting drugs. If you continue to use IV drugs, try to reduce your use to reduce your risk of AIDS, hepatitis, and other infections. And *never share your works*. If you have to share, clean your set by soaking it for a half-hour in a mix of one part bleach to 10 parts water. But rinse your set in water before use—don't inject bleach!"

She reported a minor triumph in overcoming the stigma surrounding IV drug users. Their first printing of 25,000 brochures was produced without the state health department logo, because it was "too controversial, and could possibly be interpreted as advocating IV drug use. But now they don't care, it's gotten to be too big a problem. So our next printing will include the logo. I hope when people know where this information is coming from they'll take it more seriously."

Nisler's agency does an outreach program to seven methadone clinics, thanks to a CDC cooperative education grant. Eight former addicts have been hired to go to housing projects or wherever users hang out, give them a general brochure about AIDS and a sheet of suggestions for cutting down risk, and to talk with them about the information. One worker in Newark got questioned by police who saw him lecturing a group of addicts, and when he explained what he was doing, the officers asked for their own copies of the brochures. Nisler was very enthusiastic about the success of this program. "It doesn't cost that much to do," she said. "Most of these people were earning minimum wage. They get involved in the work, they are good at it and glad to do it. We hope our program will be imitated elsewhere."

Women and AIDS: At Risk But Ignored

The facts about AIDS and IV drug use are especially crucial for women. According to a CDC Surveillance Report dated June 3, 1985, 374 (50.7 percent) of women with AIDS in the U.S. were IV drug users. The next most common route of transmission is heterosexual contact (88 cases, 11.9 percent of the total). Yet a March 1985 survey of students at San Francisco State University found that 47 out of 100 women did not know they could contract AIDS. A total of 64 percent did not know any risk reduction measures.⁸ A very large group of women with AIDS—167, 22.65 percent—have no apparent risk factor and the route of transmission in these cases remains unknown. (For men, "unknown" cases of AIDS are only 5.6 percent of the total.) One health worker wrote drily, "There may be a sophistication in surveil-

lance with male cases, which came about as the numbers grew, that has not fully developed in the surveillance of female cases."⁹

Even if there were lots of encouragement from the state to do AIDS education for women who inject IV drugs or have sex with large numbers of men, it would be a difficult task. As Harold M. Ginzburg points out, IV drug users "prefer to remain anonymous" and "are generally identified in one of two circumstances: as they seek treatment or when they are arrested. Thus, the drug abuse treatment community and the criminal justice system have traditionally been the primary sources of information on persons with serious drug abuse problems." Many people who do drugs intravenously are not heavy, regular users or never wind up in drug treatment programs or jail for other reasons, making these traditional sources of health care and education inadequate.¹⁰

They are even more inadequate for women. There are few residential drug rehabilitation programs for women. I was able to locate only one instance of AIDS education being provided to women through the criminal justice system. "Presentations to women at risk through IV drug use and/or multiple sexual contacts were prepared in cooperation with the San Francisco Pre-trial Diversion Program and a San Francisco Jail Medical Service social worker. The first workshop, held in May 1985 at the County Jail, utilized a slide presentation, brochures, Hotline flyers, and a question-and-answer format for an audience of 20 female inmates."¹¹

None of the organizations I contacted has produced any literature specifically for prostitutes. The closest thing is a flyer entitled "Women and AIDS," produced by SFAF. At GMHC, Gonzalez recalled one instance in which their general information brochure on AIDS was distributed in Times Square. That's it.

AIDS and Prison: Out of Sight, Out of Mind

Because of our society's punitive attitude toward pleasure, both prostitutes and IV drug users are members of the outlaw classes, and as such, get poor health care. But what about the people unfortunate enough to have been put away for their "crimes"? Dr. Armond Start, medical director for the Texas Dept. of Correction, said prison is "the worst place in the world" for AIDS patients. "People don't care about the health of these rejected people, and trying to get additional money out of legislatures to properly treat inmates with AIDS is going to be tough sledding."¹²

According to the *New York Times*, "The Federal Center for Disease Control took note of the explosive potential of AIDS in a prison setting two years ago, but it has not established any Federal program to combat that risk." A telephone canvas of prison

continued on page 66



TV'S ELECTRONIC EVANGELISTS

TV's fundamentalist preachers sell salvation like snake oil.

by Ann Magnuson

Television. It's a wasteland. There's more channels than ever, but still, there's nothing on. You've seen every episode of *Star Trek* and *Twilight Zone* a hundred times. You're sick of the same old rock videos endlessly repeated on MTV. CBS keeps trying to pass off reruns of *Barnaby Jones* as the late "movie," and news bulletins of terrorism and air disasters have become routine. Everything's predictable. And it gets worse every year. But at last, there is hope. Now it is possible to part the dead seas of ennui that hang over your home entertainment center. Now it is possible to lead yourself out of the valley of the shadow of Prime Time and escape the bondage of succeeding *Dynasties*. How? By tuning into what you've been avoiding all your life—Christian TV.

Christian TV? Why, you ask, should any reader of *HIGH TIMES* tune in to Christian TV? Because, quite simply, it is the most entertaining thing on. It's comical, dramatic, extravagant, passionate, violent, manipulative, topical, glitzy, tacky, idiotic and absurd. It's sacred, profane, sublime and ridiculous and full of unintentional humor, melodrama, preposterous logic and science fiction. And, best of all, it's *real*!

Besides, with Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* long off the air, where is the wayward student of comparative religions to turn for his daily dose of the metaphysical?

Now, down South, it used to be that you could see Christian TV at some point every day, be it early morning or late night when air times are the cheapest. That would be your local, straightforward, hyperventilatin' type preachin' and traditional gospel singin', songs with titles like "Where the Soul Never Dies," "God Walks These Dark Hills," and "Because He Lives All Fear is Gone." I remember seeing "Bonnie Lou and Buster" every morning before school, telecasting their country-western brand of ministry. They're still around, a little older, a little grayer and still brought to you by Jim Walters' split-level homes. But these exponents of "good time religion" have been eclipsed by the Prime Time Preachers—televangelists whose scales have tipped more in favor of tax-exemption rather than soul-redemption.

With the slickness of a Hollywood extravaganza, these electronic evangelists send their proclamations up toward the heavens and back down to the heathen, ricocheting



● **TV preachers**
such as Pat Robertson (above), a potential candidate for President in '88 (he's praying for divine guidance to help him make the decision), Robert Schuller (right) and Jimmy Swaggart (following page), good ol' boy cousin of bad boy Jerry Lee Lewis, move the couch-potato masses with threats of eternal damnation leavened with promises of the salvation that can be obtained by sending them money.

The Word off one of the many coveted communications satellites orbiting around God's creation and paid for by the millions of tax-deductible "gifts."

Through the devotion of their followers, network syndication and a growing cable system across America, the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN on the east coast) and the Trinity Broadcasting Network (TBN on the west) provide foundations from which countless evangelists build their electric pulpits.

Did I say electric? Hell, most of them are downright psychedelic! Utilizing the most sophisticated and costly video facilities available, many of the Christian TV shows rival the best Madison Avenue and MTV video fireworks. Going beyond the Gumby-bred clay pixillation of the Lutheran kiddie show *Davey and Goliath*, these born-again technicians use a Quantel-digital-image-enhancer like a Dali or Cocteau, bypassing state-of-the-art graphics to enter the Divine Realm of the Surreal.

Couple the form with the content, and you've got some of the heaviest imagery happening this side of purple microdot. You've seen it in Cecil B. deMille movies, you've seen it on the sides of customized hippie vans, now watch it in the comfort of your own home! Because TV Christianity deals with much of the same subject matter as the rock 'n' roll drug culture. It's just the flip side of heavy metal. Both share the same obsession: death.

And let's face it. With the proliferation of





nuclear war and AIDS, we're all thinking about our mortality. How often have you wondered what's waiting when you "break on through to the other side"?

No show dramatizes death better than *The 700 Club*. They must spend a fortune on fog machines creating a trippy kind of heaven like the one portrayed in the movies *Resurrection*, *Poltergeist* and *Brainstorm*. It's the Glowhead Theory. God is a bright light that beckons while dearly-departed loved ones make you feel at home. What could be more reassuring?

Christian TV is great at illustrating a "point." One 700 Club "ad" featured a heavily-made-up Pat Boone in Egyptian Pharaoh drag imploring a bird-headed god to raise his son from the dead. (No dice—only God can raise folks from the dead.) The colorful and ornate set no doubt cost many senior citizens their pension checks. Add fog, moving crane shots, bombastic Dolby sound, more fog, eerie lighting, demonic sound effects and you've got a video contact-high! It sure beats watching *The Price Is Right*!

In fact, much of Christian TV is dazzling to watch. For these ministries are tailor-made for your Sony Trinitron, the altar for the New Church of Immaculate Reception. *Day of Discovery* with Paul van Gorder (Michigan's answer to Rex Humbard) comes to us from the Hallmark greeting-card idyll of Cypress Gardens, America's very own Garden of Eden. From this acrylic Xanadu, bland hymns are sung by a consciously racially-mixed chorus dressed in three-piece sky-blue polyester suits and conservatively cut bridal attendant gowns of flowing pastel chiffon. Carefully arranged on meticulously manicured lawns or around mini-Monticello gazebos, the choristers roam amidst the many fountains and purple hyacinths, highlighted by dissolves to spectacular cloud formations, waterfalls, lush oases, sunrises and sunsets superimposed on glowing crucifixes, giant Bibles, happy homes, super highways, marching bands, frolicking fawns and whooping cranes. One wonders, if Leni Riefenstahl were directing today...

Now I know what you're thinking. Why watch people who embody everything you hate about middle America? Because, it's important to know what the other side is up to. Think of it as an anthropological study. Think of it as a study in human culture and behavior. Think of it as a lesson in hygiene and good grooming.

Bringing new meaning to the phrase "cleanliness is next to Godliness," these

Prime-Time Preachers keep the polyester, chiffon and blow dryer manufacturers in business. With the help of an all-singing, all-dancing, all-repentant (and usually all-related) supporting cast, these broadcasts resemble the spectacle of a Jerry Lewis telethon from Las Vegas more than a tent revival on the outskirts of Galveston. Wedged somewhere between the Glitz and the Godly, the divine Word is preached against a background of multiple set changes, be it barnyard backdrop, big city skyline or pastel powder-blue cycloramas accentuated with an assortment of silver Mylar abstractions (fog machine optional but frequently used). Gospel has been watered down to Muzak with the choir modeling the latest in "mall couture." Tenors and basses are coiffed in a perm or the Dry Look, while sopranos and altos favor the Farrah Fawcett "water buffalo" hair-do. And the makeup makes everyone look embalmed. It's fascinating to see people who so perfectly resemble mannequins appear so life-like. But don't let looks deceive you. More often than not, these people are dangerous and should be closely watched, because politics is the latest obsession with TV evangelists.

Of course, the most well-known for political henpecking is Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell, but he's fat and boring and not worth discussing. He does, however, give the best "gifts" in return for your donations. Among the collectible memorabilia available are "The World's Smallest Bible" (the entire Bible printed on an inch of microfilm) and "The Precious Feet Lapel Pin"—about half the size of your thumbnail, "these perfect feet are identical to those of an unborn baby fetus just weeks after being conceived." Nice thing to wear on your tux to the prom.

Politically speaking, the most frightening evangelists are Jimmy Swaggart and 700 Club host Pat Robertson. Rumor has it that Robertson will run for President in 1988. Therefore, it is imperative that every man, woman and child interested in preserving freedom watch this show. This man must be stopped. Do you know that he actually wants to abolish Halloween? "I say, close Halloween down!" Robertson declared over the airwaves in October of 1982. "I say, get rid of it, boycott it! Trick or treat dates back to Satanic human sacrifice!" Of course, with that will go rock 'n' roll, punk hairstyles and assemblies of more than three people.

And take Jimmy Swaggart.

The man is the most incredible performer in show business today. (Small wonder—he's

Jerry Lee Lewis' cousin.) Handsome and charismatic, he works his audience like a rock star. Swaggart is spellbinding in his delivery, a talent he uses to seduce the packed arena. Visions of Nuremburg dance through one's head as he paces back and forth on the stage, the Bible held high in one hand while a seemingly-hidden fan effectively turns the pages of The Scripture. Roving cameras pick up the most heart-rending expressions in super closeup as Swaggart employs the sort of logic that Goebbels would be proud of.

It's frightening. Within a matter of minutes, the man takes you from Hollywood to feminism to sex education to heavy metal rock to homosexuality to child molestation, blaming it all on humanism. According to Swaggart, "secular humanism" is the most evil thing to come along since Nazism. It's mind boggling to watch him do battle against it. Watch Jimmy go after academia—"If our schools went bankrupt tomorrow, it would be the finest thing that would happen in this country." See Jimmy spit venom on militant feminist manifestos that call for the abolishment of marriage—"Lady, because no one will have you!" Cheer Jimmy on while he makes mincemeat out of the entertainment industry—"NBC, CBS, ABC: I'm SICK of you!!!" And, best of all, hear Jimmy damn Mother Teresa to hell unless she promptly has a born-again experience. Each comment is more deliciously inflammatory than the last. It's impossible to predict what will come next.

But worst of all is that he actually has you believing all of it! Because no matter how smugly superior one feels watching these goings-on, there is still this little voice deep within you that says, "Maybe they're right and I'm wrong. Maybe I *am* damned to hell for the demonic possession of those Alice Cooper records. Maybe I *shouldn't* be cremated when I die. After all, you never know, you just might need your body come Judgment Day."

When these feelings begin to arise, you should immediately switch the dial in search of relief. Comic relief. And what better place to tune in to than to the husband/wife evangelical team of Jim and Tammy Bakker, hosts of the *PTL Club* (short for Praise The Lord or, in some circles, Pass The Loot). Their home is Heritage Village, U.S.A., a Christian-style theme park full of a multitude of attractions including the Upper Room—a chapel faithfully recreated from measurements taken in the Holy Land of the room Jesus allegedly ate his last meal in. Naturally,

continued on page 73

TV preacher Jimmy Swaggart believes that "secular humanism" is the most evil thing to come along since Nazism.

DUMB

QUESTIONS ABOUT

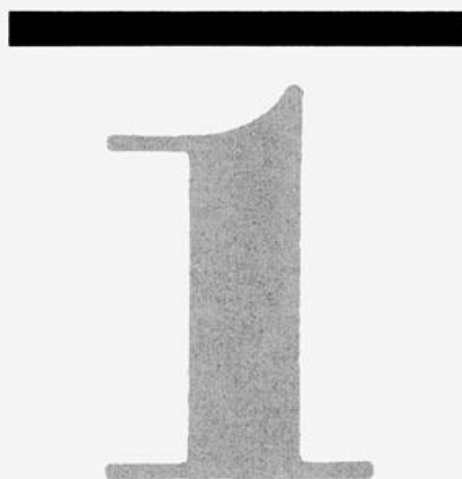
DOPE

AND SMART ANSWERS

Executive Almighty Editor
DEAN LATIMER sheds the light
of truth on some common mis-
conceptions about drugs.

Everybody who is the least bit involved with drugs is familiar with these dumb dope questions. Drug users are asked them all the time, by non-users and other drug users alike. At this magazine, a week never goes by when people don't call or write in asking these questions—even though we've answered them all, time and again, in articles and responses to letters. And here we're answering them all again, for the umpteenth time.

The basic problem is that no reasonable person can believe any advice about drugs that comes from any source whatsoever. On the other hand, people are continually lied to by mercenary dope promoters, both illicit and pharmaceutical, who are out to promote drug sales; and then people are also lied to by hordes of self-righteous "anti-drug" political pundits, quacks, and law-enforcement officials, who invent imaginary horrors about dope and relay them as "disturbing new scientific evidence." And so people have to ask these questions time and time again, and that's why we have to keep answering them.



Q Is it true that marijuana is more carcinogenic than tobacco?

A Well, yes and no, all at once. You can look it up yourself, in *Marijuana and Health*, the authoritative 1983 reference volume out of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. That is, you really ought to look it up yourself in *Marijuana and Health*, and not just take my word for it, if you want to argue with other people about dope, and show off how much you know. You get nowhere in an argument saying, "I read in HIGH TIMES magazine..."

Anyhow, in *Marijuana and Health*, there's a terrific chart that lists all the organic compounds that are given off when tobacco and marijuana are burned, with the potential carcinogens highlighted. And if you total up all the "bioavailable" potential carcinogens—the ones that are actually inhaled, and not lost in the sidestream smoke, or destroyed by the heat—you'll find that a gram of burning pot gives off precisely 1.5 times more available carcinogens than a gram of tobacco.

co. Drs. Eddie Wei and Donna Seid at the Berkeley Medical School were the first to determine and report this, 'way back in 1978, but somehow people are still being told that pot is a hundredfold or two more lung-toxic than tobacco.

But that's a lie, you see. When you smoke a joint the size of a one-gram tobacco cigarette—a double-sized *monster* joint—you take in a cigarette-and-a-half's worth of carcinogens. Now, how many people do you know who smoke 20 joints every day, the way people who smoke cigarettes torch up whole 20-butt packs of tobacco every day? In point of fact, most people who smoke pot regularly, in this country, smoke an average of five joints every week: one joint every day-and-a-half or so. Those people are not exposing themselves to any significant hazard from the carcinogens in marijuana.



Q Where does the term "roach" come from? I have a friend who insists it dates back to a 1920s Harlem viper named Ben Roach, who sold his reefers pre-rolled in brown paper, so that the butt-ends would look like little roaches, and remind the dazed vipers of where they could score more, now that they'd smoked it all. I like that story, but then I remember something, vaguely, about Pancho Villa in this connection. What's that story?

A Since his real natural-born name was Doroteo (no kidding) Arango, Pancho Villa went under plenty of nicknames as Chihuahua's most famous and well-beloved revolutionary highwayman. One of them, "La Cucaracha," was a tribute to Villa's legendary evasiveness, as when he nimbly avoided capture by a United States invasion force led by General George Patton himself. Villa also smoked plenty of *la maracachafa*, and so did the merry men and women who fought with him, since decent tequila was well-nigh unobtainable 'way back there in the Sierras.

And they sang a song about Pancho Villa and his favorite *estupafaciente*, and every gringo alive has heard it without knowing what the words mean:

*La Cucaracha, La Cucaracha,
Yo no puede camenar,
Porque no tene,*

continued on next page

continued from previous page

*Porque no tene,
Marijuana por fumar.*

"The Cockroach, the Cockroach, he is disconsolate, because he has no marijuana to smoke."

Now, it was immigrant Mexican farm laborers, in the 20s and 30s, who were credited by the indignant Anglos of the day with first importing this marijuana-smoking vice to the American Southwest. And it could be possible (though no one can say for sure, at this late date) that they called their little butt-ends *las cucarachas*, in loving memory of Pancho Villa (who was greased by a Mexican government agent in 1924). And it could be that the first American blacks or Anglos who picked up this habit from them also picked up their terminology for butt-ends, and just transliterated them to "roaches."

3

Q Wasn't heroin, like methadone, first merchandised as a "sure cure" for addiction to morphine? It seems like the cures are progressively worse than the "diseases."

A Aw now, how can you go and insinuate that methadone's somehow worse than heroin? After a heroin addict gets stabilized on methadone, that addict's statistical likelihood of getting arrested by the police plummets by over 90 percent, according to the ironclad statistics of the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services. So methadone saves uncountable lives, in that those people aren't killing other people or (more likely) getting killed themselves in the course of hustling for smack money. Methadone saves millions in property costs of goods that would otherwise be boosted; it literally keeps junkies off your fire escape, away from your stereo and telly. Methadone saves the police from the annoyance of having to bust all these ex-junkies, time and again, for all the ugly, petty crimes junkies are always getting arrested for; and even so, it saves us taxpayers from being euchered for all these junkies' court fees and jail fees. Methadone saves untold millions in medical fees, because practicing junkies are always getting sick or getting hurt, and being treated for it at public expense. Finally, methadone really does keep a lot of people—women and

men alike—out of the industry of street prostitution, which is something we all should feel grateful for, here in these times of novel and ghastly communicable diseases.

As to heroin getting peddled as a "cure" for addiction, that's all lies and prejudice too. Gawd, will it never end?!

Heroin (diacetylmorphine) was first synthesized, out of morphine and acetic acid, by the Bayer Drug Company's star Darmstadt chemist, Heinrich Dreser, in 1898. (A British chemist had made it before that, but had never reported on it or done anything interesting with it.) Now, Dreser here was already universally acclaimed for inventing aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid) out of salicylic acid and acetic acid, so that people no longer risked perforating their stomach linings just to treat a headache. Obviously this Dreser could do no wrong, right? So the Bayer people took this wonderful new drug, dubbed it "Heroin" ("Little Hero," sort of, in Deutsch), and flogged it to the skies in newspaper ads and billboards—but as a *cough medicine*, never as an addiction cure.

Heroin undeniably makes for a splendid cough cure, and the Bayer people flogged it strictly for that profitable purpose until well into the 1920s, long after this annoying little problem of steel-trap addiction had been discovered. (Believe it or not, dope-trivia fans, heroin was *not* controlled under the infamous Harrison Narcotics Act of 1917.) It's true that over that time, a few fly-by-night patent-medicine quacks *did* shill various exotic heroin-based formulations as "addiction cures," through mail-order ads in papers and magazines; fabulous potions that contained everything from belladonna to castor oil to morphine itself. No remotely responsible party ever promoted heroin, even theoretically, as a cure for addiction. Morphine was a generic painkilling medication, and Bayer Heroin was a patented brand-name drugstore cough medicine, and people rarely made any association between the two drugs at all.

4

Q I know that cocaine and amphetamines are stimulant drugs, and heroin and alcohol are depressant drugs. But what's marijuana, really? I was told in school that it's a depressant, but it makes me and everyone I know very lively and excitable.

A Whatever they were trying to teach you in school about drugs, they obviously botched it all up right from the start, by categorizing some drugs as "stimulants" and some as "depressants." This promotes so much muddle and murk, people who have been taught to think about drugs in this way are probably incapable of ever learning any *useful* ways to compare and categorize drugs.

Cocaine, for example, only *appears* to be a "stimulant," because people get all excited and rappy behind it. Actually, in the nervous system, cocaine works by tamping *down* the rate by which certain active nerve-juices are processed; specifically, in neuropsychopharmacological tech-talk, cocaine operates by "inhibiting the re-uptake of norepinephrine and dopamine into the pre-synaptic neuron." Once they've read that line in academic print, people who've been taught to categorize drugs as "stimulants" or "depressants," one or the other, invariably begin calling cocaine a *depressant*.

Anyhow, if you've ever had the misfortune to run into some poor wretch who's just free-based up the very last precious atom of coke in the house, after a night-long baseball binge, you'd never believe coke could be a "stimulant." And by the same principle, if you were to walk into a Dublin pub early on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, you'd never believe alcohol could be a "depressant." And junkies are so glad to get a hit of good heroin, I personally have seen people perform cartwheels right after injecting the stuff.

And so to marijuana, which defies this sort of categorization absolutely. It all depends on the personal mind-picture you get when someone says the word: "pot," "marijuana," "hashish," "reefer," or whatever. If you think of vegged-out Sufi debauchees from the Arabian Nights nodding lethargically over their ornate *narghile* hubble-bubbles, then you will characterize pot as a depressant. If you conjure up fields full of Jamaican sugarcane-cutters, hacking away industriously from dawn to dusk with enormous spliffs of ganja continuously between their teeth, "chimneying" away mightily, then obviously pot's a *stimulant*, right?

As a rule of thumb, pot will liven people up considerably for a few hours after they've smoked it; and then gradually these people will get considerably quieter, and become contemplative, and sometimes even sleepy. (And we're only talking about neophytes and very occasional smokers here; people who smoke a joint or two every single day manifest absolutely *no* behavioral response to it, beyond appreciation.) So pot, speaking behaviorally, has a "bi-phasic" action, in most people, most often: an initial "stimulating" effect, followed by a sort of "depressant" effect. I personally suspect marijuana does this on *purpose*, out of sheer perversity; so that dumb people can argue continuously over whether pot's a "stimulant" or a "depressant," and *both* opposing positions are in reality one-hundred-percent correct.

5

Q Tell us the truth. Can't heroin really improve a man's performance in bed? We've all heard about the famous "heroin hard-on," after all. What's the real story?

A Just about every guy in the world, at one time or another, has problems "performing" in this line. If they didn't think about it in terms of a "performance," instead of just something that happens naturally and enjoyably, they might not have all that trouble, but it happens. The guy will come too soon, or lose his hard-on, or not be able to get it up, or it gets up all by itself at the wrong time—aw, there are a million things that give guys the willies about their "performance" abilities, and make 'em feel like pathetic dribbling wankers *after* all. And then they *worry* themselves even sillier.

Now, heroin does do wonderful things for these sorts of imaginary worries, up to a point. The guy just forgets what he was worrying about, and "performance" becomes the simplest, most effortless thing in the world. At least that's what dependably happens the first few times a worrisome fellow like this does heroin. But there's an inevitable self-limiting factor here, which these worry-prone types tend to encounter sooner rather than later.

Before very long, y'see, the poor guy will have convinced himself that there's no *point* to performing without heroin, since he does so much better on junk than without it. And it quite often happens that his bedpartner—his main squeeze, his old lady, his girlfriend or boyfriend—*concurs* in that assessment. Whereupon the poor worry-wart commences to schmeck up twice a week, then every other day, then every *single* day, ostensibly for the good of his moxie. I say "ostensibly" here, because by the time the poor dribbling wanker is shooting up skag every single day, you *know* he's not primarily into just achieving enhanced sexual function any more.

Before very long after that, this worry-wart will have something *genuine* to fret about, because unless he shoots junk at least once a day, he gets all sniffly and crampy and fretful, and can't get it up at all. (Spontaneous erections are a dependable component of heroin withdrawal, sure, but they don't last long enough to do anyone any good.) And then as time goes by, and this guy's Jones establishes a dependable three-fixes-per-diem circadian rhythm, behold a wonderful thing: he ceases to worry at *all*

about sex, or to be the least bit interested in it. Prolonged administration of any opiate drug invariably prompts a buildup of those body-hormones that suppress the sex drive; it never fails.

Men who are worried about their sexual performance should never go *near* heroin, because they're sure to be absolute suckers for it. In fact, as a rule of thumb, people who are having troubles with their sex lives—and this goes for both men and women, boys and girls alike—are being *very* stupid if they try to correct it by consulting any new drug at all, be it pot or booze or High John the Conqueror Root.

6

Q Is it true butyl nitrite causes brain damage and heart attacks? I never had any trouble with it until a few nights ago, when I guess I overdid it at a disco, and afterward I got the headache of my life. Now I wonder about those old brain-damage stories. Also, why is amyl on script and butyl uncontrolled?

A That headache was the same thing as an alcohol hangover. Butyl nitrite's main physical, systemic effect is to relax all the body's smooth-muscle tissue, including the veins. Thus it makes your blood pressure drop profoundly, for as long as the effect lasts—between 30 and 45 seconds. Alcohol does the same sort of thing, only much more gradually, over much longer periods of time. Thing is, if a person really "overdoes" butyl, whiffing it again and again, they're bound to fall prey to "rebound vascular hypertension" as the drug ultimately wears off after hours of continuous self-administration; that is, the veins in the head tighten up, and you get a headache, the same thing as an alcohol hangover.

But no, butyl nitrite doesn't cause brain damage, and it most certainly doesn't cause heart attacks. Except for a couple stray left-handed electrons in its molecular structure, butyl nitrite has properties exactly identical to amyl nitrite, which for over 100 years has been used by high-risk heart patients to *ward off* heart attacks. Patients with angina pectoris carry "popper" capsules of amyl around with them, and whenever they feel chest pains coming on, they snap one under their nose; the drug regularizes their heart-beat rate, and they're fine again. This has

been going on for over 100 years, involving scores of thousands of high-risk cardiac patients, and never once have the nitrites been implicated in causing heart attacks; to the contrary, they prevent them. If you want a respectable source to cite for that, look up "Nitrites" in *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, a.k.a. "Goodman & Gilman."

Amyl and butyl picked up their horrible street reputation as "brain-damage dope" and "bad heart-attack stuff" in the '60s, when hordes of urban gay men started coming out of the closet into public view, carrying their beloved poppers with them. The nitrites have always been a favorite sex-spree adjunct for gay men (and plenty of women) because besides the 30-second high, the stuff also profoundly relaxes the anal sphincter, another batch of smooth-muscle tissue in the body. When word got around in the '60s that gay people were using this mysterious drug, amyl nitrite, to enhance their mysterious sex practices, the rumor inevitably arose that the drug *itself* was loathsome, poisonous and unclear. There are no limits at all to the ingenuity of human prejudice.

Amyl nitrite went on prescription in 1970, as part of President Nixon's original War on Drugs. The reason butyl didn't go on script at the same time was that the idiots writing Nixon's War on Drugs legislation had never heard of it, only of amyl. But there's no perceptible difference between the two drugs, except that butyl evaporates a good deal more quickly than amyl.

7

Q Why doesn't HIGH TIMES say anything bad about marijuana, ever? Granted, pot may be somewhat safer for your health than either tobacco or alcohol, but nothing's 100-percent nontoxic. What about driving on pot? What about the lower levels of testosterone in men, and the diminished sperm count? What about teenage kids smoking it? If you won't address these inconvenient issues about pot, then you're just another ideological political rag, like William Buckley's National Review.

A Hey, don't knock old Bill Buckley, he's the most influential legalization advocate we've got. Who would ever have thought it?

continued on page 76

Buckley ●

**"Cuomo some-
times has trouble
thinking. The alter-
natives appear to
be drugs and a lot
of crime, or drugs
and diminished
crime."**



CUOMO VS. BUCKLEY: COKE RX OR SNOW JOB?

THE ULTRA-LIBERAL NEW YORK GOV ATTACKS THE ARCH-CONSERVATIVE COLUMNIST'S CALL FOR LEGALIZED COKE.

● After columnist William F. Buckley, Jr., whose politics are somewhere to the right of the late Shah of Iran's, issued a surprisingly common-sense call for the legalization of all drugs, many politicians and authorities began to take a second look at the current idiotic policies which have resulted in rampant crime, widespread abuse, and deep divisions within our society.

But not "liberal" New York Governor Mario Cuomo.

Using scare-tactic rhetoric suitable to a reefer-madness mentality, Cuomo claimed that Buckley's proposal would "improve criminal statistics, but what would that do to your child, who would now be told that he or she can buy cocaine along with soda at the corner candy store?" Since Cuomo is being touted as the "progressive" Presidential candidate to challenge ex-CIA Director and current Vice-President George Bush, these reactionary comments are disheartening. We hope the Governor will wise up and get with it. ● JH



Cuomo ●
"There's a move afoot to make the coke that's sniffed just as available as the Coke we drink. I don't like it."

The '60s'
spaceiest
drug makes
a coast-to-
coast comeback.

FLASHBACK

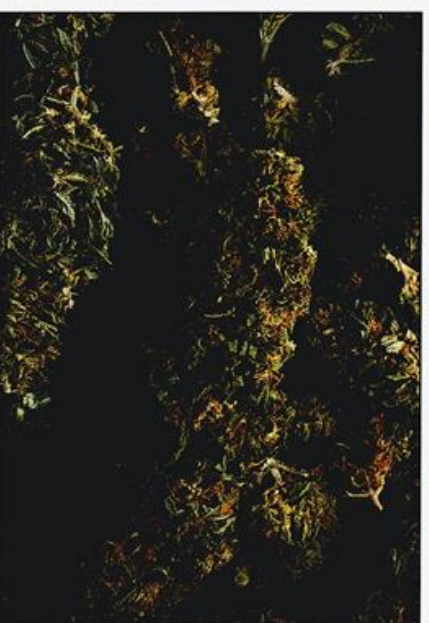
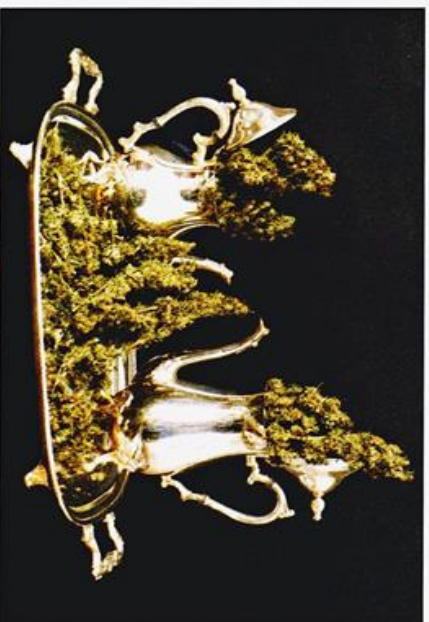
LSD the drug that helped spark the hip revolution of the '60s, is back in vogue with a new generation of hipsters who were too young to take the trip the first time around. Cool young people from San Francisco (where the Haight-Ashbury is undergoing a major psychedelic revival) to New York's East Village are tuning in to the spacey—and spiritual—joys of the ultimate psychedelic drug. ● “The drug synonymous with the '60s is popping up at parties, gallery openings and other special occasions,” noted the *New York Daily News* in an article on the East Village acid revival. Of course, the *Daily News* was quick to warn of the “dangers” of LSD. But unlike the scare-tactic articles of the '60s, the *News* piece was well-balanced, pointing out that “the evidence is controversial” regarding such claims as LSD's role in causing genetic damage. Though the blatant falsehood of that propaganda. ● The primary connection between East and West Coast acidheads are living proof of America—is their burgeoning fascination with the '60s, an era they were too young to experience first-hand. ● “It's people who missed out on the '60s,” said Clem, a 25-year-old acidhead interviewed by the *Daily News*, “when people were concerned with rights and wrongs and causes. You felt sort of cheated. When we started coming of age, it was the '70s, which wasn't very interesting.” ● “I was five years old in the Summer of Love,” says Sara, a San Francisco student who lives on Stanyan Street at the western edge of the Haight. “So I have no real recollection of what it was like in the hippie era, even though I've lived in San Francisco all my life. My parents were real straight, and they never exposed me to the radical things that were going on back then. I feel like, by taking LSD now, I can get closer to knowing what it was like here then.” ● With all signs pointing to a major revival of at least the surface manifestations of the '60s revolution (paisley fashions, peace-sign jewelry, psychedelic art and music), along with endorsements of the era by contemporary pop-culture icons such as Prince and Madonna, who knows—acid might just be back in a major way! ●





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A R

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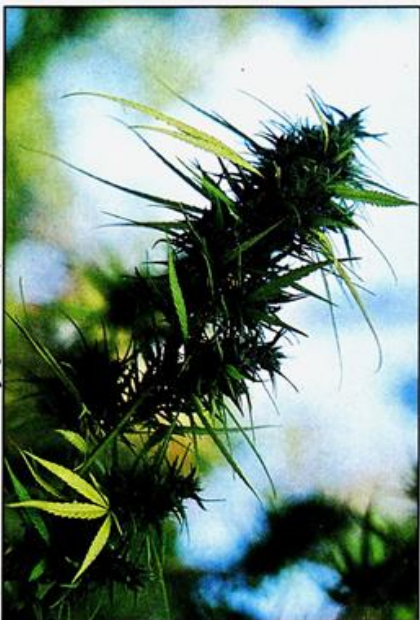
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Photography:

Steve Cooper, January, December;
Ed Rosenthal, February, March,
September, October, November;
Peter Hudson, April, August; Peter
Simon, May; The Bush Doctor,
June; David Perry, July

NZD



April

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May



November

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HIGH TIMES 1986

C

A



January

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February




July

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August



*Celebrate this holiday season
sacramentally—with pure, organic
psychedelics.*

ASK ED

GROWING IN THE GREAT INDOORS

BY ED ROSENTHAL



Photo #1. 12 lbs. of grade-seven Jamaican. Very sticky. Pulls throat raw.



Photo #2. Closet filled with many indica varieties.



Photo #3. "But where's the catnip? I don't even like this."

● GARDEN OF THE MONTH

Thought I'd pass this picture along for the holidays. These three eight-foot sinse plants, which I call Bangor Brown, produced a fine vintage. I'm sure you know my holidays will be merry.

HO HO HO!

—The Budman of Bangor Bangor, Me.



● BUD OF THE MONTH

We've just completed our fifth harvest. Our crop now requires full-time attention by several professionals. The seed stock has been narrowed down from 30 to nine strains of previously accelerated indica. We've been forced to cut all sativa from our indoor stock because of differences in ripening time. Sativas are too thin to really pay for themselves. We realize that some of the five strains are the downers that "R" speaks about. The others have numerous and unexplainable buzzes. For instance, frosty, speedy, racy, cold, and clammy. Even now, while we write this letter, we feel how strong a drug this indica is.

We see the personal value of having different strains for taste, appearance, and weight, and the buzz. Especially the buzz. In the morning, a person may want a speedy, energetic buzz for a pickup. Before bed, one wants to get mellow or frosty or clammy, fast. It depends on the time of the day or the mood you are in. Of course, many of us don't have a selection like this, but this is the U.S. We supposedly have the choice.

—U.S.

North Carolina

(U.S. submitted a number of photos. Many of them are excellent. I chose three of them as a combination winner of Bud of the Month this time.)

Dear Ed,

I've been growing a little over a year now indoors. About nine months ago I bought the Klone Kit. The stuff worked great. When I tried to reorder, my money was returned with a note saying the company was out of business. I've tried several other products, but they don't work as well. Is there someplace I can buy these kits?

—Tom

Waynesboro, Pa.

The kits are available from Dyna-Gro Corp., 372 Belmarin, Novato, CA 94947, (415) 382-1360.

Dear Ed,

I've been using fermentation with yeast and sugar to produce CO₂ in my 3' x 3' grow room. The mixture seems very active the first few days, but tends to die off after a week or so. What's the best way to keep the yeast active so I don't have to brew up a new batch each week? I've been adding a cup of sugar and water every day. How much CO₂ is produced by this method?

—S.C.P.

Madison, Wis.

Using sugar and yeast to create CO₂ is an expensive way of providing plants with CO₂. I suggest that only brewers use this method, since the CO₂ is then a by-product of the brewing process.

● **A handful of handy hints for raising potent plants in the confines of a grow room.**

Otherwise, the gas is cheaper to produce using a CO₂ generator which burns natural gas, or using a tank and regulator.

Dear Ed,

When growing indoors, does it make a difference whether you trigger a plant to flower when it is smaller or when it is bigger? Would the size of the plant affect the cannabinoids in the buds?

—M.S.

Collinsville, Ill.

No. The plant will flower and produce the same cannabinoids whether the plant is small or large.

Dear Ed,

I have an 8' x 12' grow room that has a 12-foot ceiling height. I light it with a single 1000-watt, super metal halide. Is this sufficient light for this area?

Also, is it better to use as much of the ceiling height as possible, or pinch back the plants, and keep them shorter and bushier?

Finally, does the age of a plant before it buds affect its quality in any way?

—Anonymous

Franklin Furnace, Ohio

Your grow room is 96 square feet. It can be lit by a single halide if it is well covered with reflective surfaces, and has a track system for the light. However, by adding a second light, productivity will be increased immensely.

Your room has a 12-foot ceiling. The metal halide lamp uses about two feet, and the light should remain about two feet above the tops of the plants. This means that the plants should be no taller than eight feet at maturity. They should be forced to flower when they are about five feet tall.

The age of the plant may affect the potency of the plant if it is forced to flower within two months of germination. After that, the potency is based totally on its heredity.

Dear Ed,

Which is better, the continuous growth system or the harvest system?

—Rinus N.

Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Under the harvest system, buds are
continued on page 77

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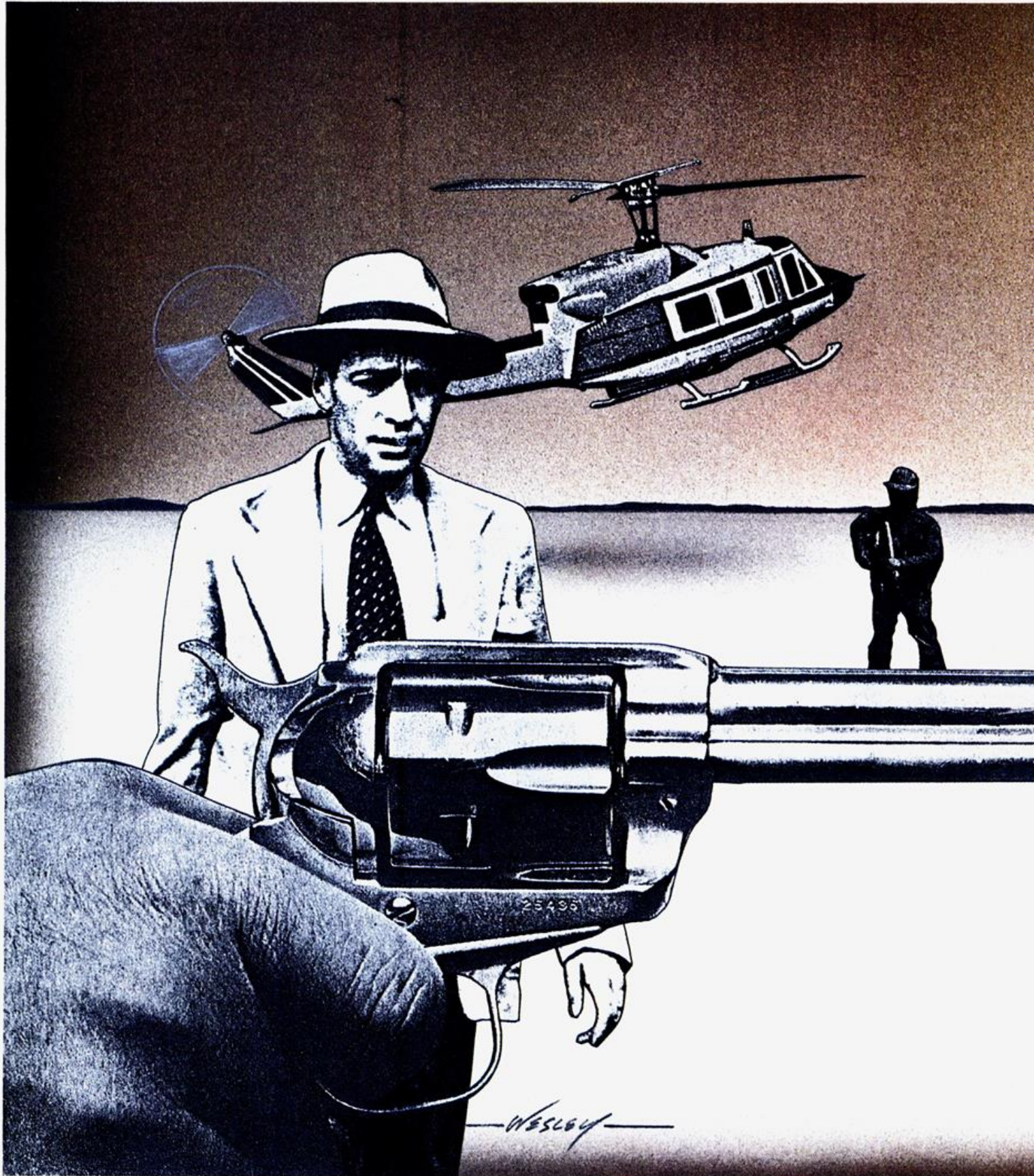
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THE REAL NICARAGUAN



If all that you knew about the Caribbean dope trade was what you saw on television, you'd imagine that the current Sandinista government of Nicaragua singlehandedly funnels all the contraband fume and toot of South America into the United States. Every time a middle-level Sandinista government flunkie is photographed by a CIA spook within any proximity to a back-country dope mover's bush strip, the photos are promptly fed to the networks by the Reagan Administration, along with a hysterical list of narcotics allegations against the whole Nicaraguan government. No TV newshounds can ever resist biting into a fat, juicy political dope scandal, spoon-fed to them by Administration propaganda flacks; the temptation for them is as irresistible as a suitcase full of dope money is to any corrupt customs officer. There is no evidence that the Sandinistas have engaged in drug smuggling. ● So **HIGH TIMES** invites the press to chew on this one for a while: a virtual flow chart of dope movers in the previous Somoza government of Nicaragua, and all the dope they hustled to the States in the decades before the Sandinista takeover of 1980. Where are these people now, pray? In Honduras? Miami? Langley, VA? ● Wayne Greenhaw, who published all this dirt in a little-known volume called *Flying High* (Dodd, Mead & Co., NY, 1984), qualifies as an unimpeachable source. A thoroughly respectable newspaper editor from Alabama, Greenhaw was given the blue-ribbon treatment by the Drug Enforcement Administration when he compiled

CONNECTION

Forget the Reagan hype about Sandinista drug-running. For high-level dope corruption, the American-backed Somoza regime was unbeatable.

BY WAYNE GREENHAW



Flying High. He was allowed to peruse endless classified narcotics-intelligence files, and to interview scores of veteran field agents, confidential informants, remorseful dope smugglers turning state's evidence, and out-and-out double agents like this "Vallejo" character. ● So *Flying High* itself is primarily a worshipful recounting of the DEA's half-dozen major coke-and-pot conspiracy roundups between 1977 and 1983. Though the prose may get a little purple in places (behold "the worldwide underground of the drug-smuggling universe"), it makes for a lively and fascinating read. And there are some tips on money-laundering that would greatly edify anyone who might ever get stuck with a suitcase full of cocaine currency. ● Therefore this chapter on dope moving by the Somozistas is real stuff, straight out of DEA Intelligence, and not just something dreamed up by a pack of lefty-looney dope fiends. This is the truth with the bark on it, and it ought to lend you some helpful perspective, the next time the television tells you about those wicked Nicaraguan narco-traffickers. ● DAL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL WESLEY



Drug agents are not always as successful as the textbook case of "The Good Old Boys." In fact, they seldom accomplish such an open-and-shut investigation. Many traffickers are sought for years by law enforcement officers. One operator continued his work into the 1980s in Central and South America. The enforcers knew him and where he was but could not put a finger on him as long as he remained in foreign countries where his business was essential to the worldwide underground of the drug-smuggling universe.

When he was a boy during the Great Depression, Andrew Starhill Vallejo lived with his maternal grandparents on a farm in the middle of what was then called The Badlands of North Dakota, within mustang-riding distance of the Little Missouri River, where he chiseled a form of bituminous coal from its banks when the river froze solid during the long and hard winters.

When World War II broke out, his favorite uncle—his mother's brother, James—entered military service and left the boy behind with his elderly grandparents. A cowboy by the time he was nine, Andy Vallejo was a Mexican-American who had little awareness of his paternal heritage until he became a grown man. Now and then, a roughneck on the mustang drives to Marmath or Medora might refer to him as "Little Mex," but it was in good-natured fun. When they corralled wild mustangs in the natural rock V's of the canyons, Andy was usually one of the first to volunteer to ride the wild-eyed animals. After a horse was barely halter-broken, the small brown-skinned boy with the heavy shock of dark hair hanging over his forehead and eyes would poke his foot into a man's coupled hands and be slung over the sensitive back. He immediately grabbed hold of mane and rein, clasped his heels into the bony sides, and hung on for dear life as the bronco began his rocking motions, swinging from side to side, jerking wildly, doing anything to rid himself of the person who was trying to tame him. Many was the time Andy remembered being vaulted madly through the air, smashing against the ground, hearing the fraternal laughter of the men. One time he felt the sudden blow of the horse's hooves against the side of his face. He remembered little of what happened afterward. His brain went blank. He awakened feeling as though his head was three times its normal size. His eyes blurred as he looked up into his Gram's pale, blue-eyed face. She rubbed a cool, oily mixture over his swollen wound and comforted him with tender words.

Throughout the remainder of Andy Vallejo's life he would carry a heavy, jagged scar across his right cheek. In a quiet way that was uncommon to his jovial personality, he was proud of the scar and seldom talked of how it happened. Usually he let people imagine that he had been in a great fight in some exotic country, for his world was one of constant flight, whispered negotiations, and mumbled money exchanges.

In his fifty-plus years, Andy Vallejo had become one of the most famous of all middleman dealers with South and Central American countries for dope smugglers from other parts of the world.

"Blackie Vallejo is a survivor, a mystery man with more charisma than most of the dictators in the Central American countries, and is smart as a twenty-year-old jungle cat," said a former CIA undercover agent who had followed Vallejo during the better part of a decade from the late 1960s to the middle 1970s. "When you've operated with drug people for that long without being caught and put into prison in the United States, you've got to be a smart cookie," added the agent, now retired in Florida.

Andy Vallejo, also known as Blackie, Wylie, Big Starr, Hombre, and perhaps a half-dozen other aliases, is a slick operator by anybody's standards. Not unlike buccaneers in the days of Captain Kidd or bandits like Billy the Kid, Vallejo runs constantly from the law but manages to remain friendly with the people in power in various governments and the revolutionary leaders of Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and numerous South American countries.

The epitome of COOL in capital letters, Vallejo is handsome in a rugged kind of way. He thinks of himself as one of the romantic banditos of yesteryear. He prides himself on his ability to get along with anybody, particularly those who pursue him from country to country and often he is within their grip. "I think like the tiger from Quintana Roo," Vallejo says, "the province in Mexico bordering the

Caribbean, just north of Honduras or Belize, the tiger that is being stalked by the most adept hunter, an animal that has to sneak about through the bush, finding his prey wherever he can—and escaping as soon as he makes the kill."

He stretches lazily, not unlike a cat, and he rubs his right index finger along the pathway of the zigzag scar that crosses the line of his cheekbone.

Set deeply within his brown skin are sea-blue eyes, a strangeness that makes a person slightly nervous in his presence. His voice is mellow and even soft, very persuasive, and his hair is still thick and black. It still falls down over his forehead when his head dips forward to accentuate strong words.

"I want to make it clear to begin with that I am an American, I am not a Latino, my father was of Mexican descent but I never really knew him. I understand he died in a barroom battle, but I won't explain that. It is a simple fact that I picked up from my Grandpa, my mother's father, but he never told me much about it. My father was tough and bad, that I know, but I will not talk about it. I understand it, know it, from my bones, my knowing insides... How do you say? Psyche, I believe it is."

Although born in Texas and raised in North Dakota, Andy Vallejo speaks today in an almost broken English. Sometimes he lapses into a stream of fast Spanish. His English words are tinged with a heavy Latin accent.

"I want everyone to know that I am not against the children of the United States. I was a child in the United States. It is my hope that the drugs that I help to escape from this part of the world into the United States will go to the fat rich politicians in Hollywood, New York, Washington, and Kansas City. I believe—deep in my heart, I believe—there is as much dope smoked or sniffed or shot up in Kansas City as there is anywhere else. That is to say, Middle America is spending its money on dope. I don't spend my money on it. I don't fool with it except to negotiate a price, a place, a situation down here in these countries where I now live. When I go back to the United States I am disgusted, because all of these self-righteous people shout about the children getting the drugs. In reality, it is the people who are doing the shouting who are really sniffing and smoking and shooting up. They are the addicts of our time, they have the money to purchase the drugs, and they have created themselves a real drug society. But that is neither here nor there, it is merely my philosophy that comes out of my psyche. But I do wish to say it because it comes from here." He points at his heart, then shrugs and points to his head.

Priding himself on his long history of adventure, he tells about leaving home when he was an adolescent, after hearing the news of the death of his Uncle James in France. Vallejo jumped onto a boxcar and rode west to San Francisco where he lived with a gypsy-like band of burglars who worked their way up and down the West Coast before he slipped away from them in the middle of the night with a sackful of stolen goods and made his way back east as far as Kansas City, Missouri. "I worked as an apprentice to a printer who taught me that there was a lot of knowledge between the covers of books. That old man gave me Dickens's *Great Expectations* and told me to read it, and I became fascinated with a world I did not know existed before that night behind the little shop, the place where I slept and cooked for myself. After I finished, the old man—his name was Samuel Jenkins—asked me questions about the characters and the way they lived and what they did in their world. I could not answer him, because I didn't read it that closely. He gave the book back to me and said, 'Read it again, and I will ask you more questions about it when you finish,' and that night I read it from cover to cover, absorbing every movement and every detail of the characters. The next morning the old man grilled me, and I answered his questions. Every book that he gave me after that, including Socrates, Plato, *The Odyssey*, Parkman's histories, *The Federalist Papers*, and many, many other books, I always read with the sure knowledge that he would test me afterwards. Because of his grand teaching, I looked at the world around me very closely, trying to take into consideration everything that was happening, how people lied to each other every chance they got—especially if it meant earning an extra dollar here and there. That was

continued on next page

CONNECTION

continued from previous page

when I came to the conclusion that Kansas City was really the center of the universe: everything starts there, you see; and if you want to know the reason behind anything—whether it is the drug-culture thing or why Central America is going Communist or why Fidel Castro is now the big daddy of drugs in the Western Hemisphere—you have to go back to Kansas City first.”

He laughs deep down in his chest, which is big and dark with black wiry hairs beneath the white silk shirt that is unbuttoned to the top of his hefty stomach. His laugh seems to break something loose down in his throat, and the upper part of his body shakes.

He flips his hair back with the shake of his head, like a dog slinging water from his coat.

He does not apologize for his unusual philosophy, for he is an unusual man in an unusual business. “I have to be tough and wily, like the cat, or like the old bear from The Badlands. Sometimes in the hard cold winter my Uncle James and I tracked bear up past the old lodge Teddy Roosevelt built there on the Elkhorn Ranch; we’d ride horses over frozen rivers and climb up steep canyon walls where the ground itself at twilight looked like a hundred rainbows. We worked and worked, thought we were smart hunters, but we never found the old bear. We found deer and other game, but the old bear always found his way north out of our reach.”

In the Navy during the Korean War Andy Vallejo discovered an affinity for the people of Southeast Asia. He liked them and they liked him. After the war he came back to the United States, where both his Gran and Grandpa had grown very old. For several years he cared for them, until his Grandpa died and his Gran was so ill that she had to be placed in a nursing home. “There was no place for me to go but back to the Orient,” he says offhandedly. He lived with a Eurasian woman in Hong Kong. “I learned about the drug world from the best traders in that part of China. The families there had been dealing in heroin, cocaine, opium, drugs of all types for centuries. They knew the current market value better than most stockbrokers know Wall Street. I began to make my living running the drugs from one section of Hong Kong to another. I traded with the rich British who frequented the private clubs. I hung around the tennis courts and the fancy nightclubs, and people knew me as somebody they could trust. They knew that there was no danger in dealing with me because I always had good stuff and the right price without a hell of a lot of conversation. I was straight up with them, and we had a *simpático* arrangement until a big dealer named Tooth Head came into the picture.

“Tooth Head was this guy about this tall, a little squirt of a fellow with an ugly pushed-in face like it had been smashed with a hammer or run over with a truck, and his eyes bugged out like Peter Lorre’s eyes, and when he talked it was a lot of jabbering crap. He put some bad dope on the market, slipped it in my bag, and really did me dirty. You got that kind of stuff in the drug business. It’s illegal, so the people will do anything that’s illegal, including kill.

“In Hong Kong, I thought I’d try to get Tooth Head back and do him in, but he had too good a connection. I’m talking millions. And not yen, baby; greenback dollars! I knew I had to split. It was getting really hot for me. Tooth Head had this one big tooth right back here in his jaw like he was some kind of freak dog; it kind of stuck out the side like; real ugly! All those old guys were doing business with him under the table and not telling me anything about it, but I knew it. You can’t help but know if you’re doing business with them every day. If you don’t know, you’re stupid.”

Vallejo escaped with his woman to Manila, set up a smuggling operation with one of her cousins, traveled through the islands of the East Indies, and learned aspects of the business that he had never known previously. “I discovered a very high grade of *cannabis sativa* in the hills outside Singapore, one of the most active and dangerous narcotics ports in the world. I figured out a way to transport this top-grade hemp from the mainland to Australia via military jets and post office ships. During those days before the war in Vietnam escalated to a full-scale battleground, that part of the world was virtually untouched by law enforcement people. Even today a knowledgeable person who is willing to operate by the underground rules governing

the countries in which he does business would be able to transport without the worry of going to jail. Not just anybody. But a person with the right skills and brain power—somebody like me—could make a lot of money. I’m talking two hundred, three hundred thousand a year. That’s minimum, after expenses, if the person keeps his nose clean in the countries, paying off the right people, making sure everybody is taken care of. It’s very politic!”

With bank accounts in Switzerland and Liechtenstein, and cash stowed away in several hiding places, Andy Vallejo decided it was time to move on. Why? “I’m lucky, I guess,” and he bellows the same deep-down laughter that he belted from the bottom of his throat. His laugh overflows the room. Soberly, he states, “I am lucky. I have always been lucky, if you call having an old man who is a no-account and who never came around after I was born and a mother who hit the streets before I was a year old and an uncle whom I loved but who went off and got killed and grandparents who loved me but didn’t know *how* to show their love being lucky, then I’m *magnífico* blessed.” And he laughs deeply again. He is a sarcastic man in a cruel, illegal business.

“I am lucky because my woman, Jin Won, got tired of me about the same time I got too hot in the South China Seas and about the same time the Philippine government was closing in on my activities. I moved fast from the murderous banks of Singapore to Bangkok. Once I saw a twelve-year-old boy shot in the back with an American rifle because he was stealing half a kilo of marijuana. Can you believe it?” The thick brows over the Gulf-blue eyes arch high with his rhetorical question. “The boy was making away with this much cured hemp, and a cold-blooded bastard raised a rifle, pointed it, shot—and the boy was dead. Like that!”

Jin Won moved back to Hong Kong with a pouch filled with American dollars, according to Vallejo, and he took a slow freighter through the South Pacific with three trunks packed with clothes, leather belongings, several books, and more than \$100,000 in cash tucked away in hidden compartments. “I was in no hurry. I had what I wanted. There was no dope on the ship as far as I knew. I was tired. I was ready for the good life. No more pressure.”

On March 18, 1960, Andrew Starrhill Vallejo landed in Acapulco, Mexico. His bags were unloaded with no problem. He checked into the Papagayo Hotel on the beach, relaxed in the sunshine, and moved inland to the old silver mining town of Taxco. For more than a year he made his home in Mexico City’s Chinatown, began living with a Chinese woman, and had seemingly left the drug world behind. Later he drove a used MG sports car north to the small art colony of San Miguel de Allende in the province of Guanajuato. He rented a house, sat around the Cucaracha Bar in the *jardín* where the expatriate Americans drank and talked, and after a year he began to get itchy for the excitement he had known in the Orient.

“My life became too commonplace,” he recalls. “Everything was too easy. Little bits and pieces about my former life leaked out into the community. The people who live in San Miguel are unusual when you look at them from a North American point of view. Many of them are students, many are retired, many are former servicemen and soldiers of fortune. A segment of the population that is not really underground looks at the Latin American world with a jaundiced eye, sees it for pretty much what it really is: a political playground for America. It has been that for a long time, and it remains so today. At first these people approached me, wanting me to take part in the constant revolutionary atmosphere in Guatemala or El Salvador. Of course, I refused. I told them my morality would not permit me to get involved in such an unholy event.” And then he laughs again with the deep guttural tones. His blue eyes sparkle in his brown skin.

In the early 1960s Andy Vallejo traveled south with a companion, met with a wealthy landowner on a coffee plantation, and within days was the guest of the Nicaraguan government in a hotel outside Managua. “On this trip I met with Señor Juan de la Manorez, a member of the cabinet of El Presidente Luis Somoza. This man, who said he was a cousin of the president, was very cordial. He took me to dinner at a delightful Chinese restaurant where we had wonderful, heaping platters of food like I had not eaten since I left Hong Kong. I could pay for nothing, and he let it be known in his sullen, quiet sort of manner that the government would appreciate taking any American dollars that I could manage to funnel their way. He let me know

that the government could be very cooperative if I came to them with a plan and a satchel filled with greenback American dollars."

Back in Mexico City, before returning to his home in San Miguel, Vallejo visited some old acquaintances who he knew had been involved in the drug trade. He put out the word that he had "friends in high places" in Central America, that he could arrange "for some sweet deals, if the money was right," and that he could be reached if anyone was interested.

"It was less than six weeks later that a businessman from Los Angeles visited me in San Miguel. We drank good Scotch and talked openly about the drug business. He was into the transportation of marijuana from Colombia into Texas and Louisiana by airplane and into lower California by boat. From the look and sound of him, the business had been very profitable. There was nothing held back. He was completely up front with me, and from early in the conversation I could tell that we would be able to do business. He was a very professional drug person, very generous in his attitude, not trying to hide the cash from me. Once these people start dealing, if they're smart, they act in this way. They do not lay back and try to play like a restless coyote in a wheat-brush field, they come out in the open like the brave bull. I am the same way. I have to have honesty in the business. If you do not have honesty in the business, you are dealing with sure trouble.

"This man encouraged me to return to Nicaragua, talk to the *numero uno* personally, find my connection in that country, and then talk business again with him. He left me with a sack filled with large dollars—expense money that he knew I would need in the next few months. There was at least \$50,000 there—pocket change for my benefit; and, he knew, it would be nice for me to be able to impress upon the El Presidente that I was a serious person with whom he could deal."

Two months later Vallejo was a guest at Anastasio—the brother of El Presidente—Somoza's cattle ranch in the plains below Granada near Lake Nicaragua. "It was one of the most beautiful country sites I have ever beheld," he says, remembering some impressive places from his travels. "The marvelous world of grandeur was at my disposal. Somoza was a great host. The rooms were very large, with a bar and a patio looking out across the rich pastures and the hills in the distance. In that pleasant atmosphere one would never suspect that these people would end their lives in the midst of terrible violence; however, what was now was pure pleasure.

"I talked my way up through the President's lieutenants and his family assistants. In Nicaragua, as in most of these countries today and yesterday, you know that the family is very close at the highest level. The top man—*numero uno*—is always surrounded by family—brothers, cousins, father, uncles, et cetera—and it is through these family members that you get to the top man, penetrate his walls, and finally are able to sit down with him and make a real deal. These people obviously liked me. We had a pleasant talk. I let them know, without saying so much, that they would become richer people with my help and the help of my clients. Also, I had better sense than to bring only the money given me by the man from California. He was generous enough, but not for an entire ruling family in this part of the world, and when I touched them I touched them well. I knew that the first impression was extremely valuable, and if I came on *simpático* for their personal pleasure, they would remember me beautifully in the future. That is the way." He grins and shrugs. A breeze blows the fragrance of a pungent cologne from his body. He has sprinkled the liquid onto his closely shaven face.

"It was not long [after four years the Somozas were out of office] before Anastasio himself became *numero uno*. El Presidente was a big man, and he had a very large, open face with a high forehead, which he told me later was the symbol of magnificent breeding. He confided that he liked my eyes, and he said that from my eyes he knew that I had the blood of kings flowing through my veins. It was then that I was sure he was a truly great man. His own face showed magnificent strength, but there was a weakness in his eyes. I did not see it at first, but I knew it after several visits, after sitting across the table from him and listening to him talk and knowing his ways.

"Somoza was a dictator's dictator. Everything of value in his country was owned by some other member of his family. A few people thought they could get away with owning a factory or a newspaper or some-

thing else that might make money or become powerful; these were disillusioned people. Soon they discovered that they would eventually lose their interest in these enterprises, that the sole ownership would be retained by Anastasio and his family. Knowing this, I never dealt with anybody outside the family.

"Once when I was returning from Texas I made a deal for a particularly beautiful three-carat diamond. It had a strange kind of angular cut, and it caught the light just right and shone as though it were five or six carats. I had been meeting some of my North American contacts in San Antonio; we had arranged for some profitable transportation through my part of the country, and I picked up the diamond and brought it back down to Nicaragua. I unwrapped it before Anastasio—*El Grande*—and handed it to him. 'I thought you might like to present this token of my appreciation to your wife,' I said to him. You see, I would never be so presumptuous as to offer the gift to his wife myself. That would be showing ingratitude and unwelcomed forwardness. But when I gave the diamond to Somoza himself and said what I said, he felt overwhelming gratitude; it would make him look good in the eyes of his wife.

"That evening before dinner he beckoned his wife to his side, pulled the diamond from his pocket and, before he unwrapped the gift, he made a loud presentation. He said the gift came from 'our good and dear friend Andy Vallejo,' and he grinned greatly and hugged me in front of everybody to show his fantastic friendship with me. And then he unwrapped the diamond. All of the family and friends oohed and ahed. Everybody patted me on the back and said what a wonderful friend I was.

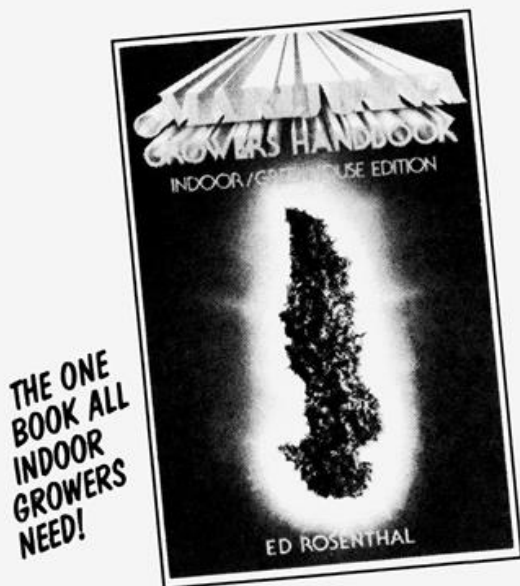
"The next morning I met with Anastasio in the privacy of his office. I gave to him \$250,000 cash—all in one-hundred-dollar bills—and he agreed to allow my clients unencumbered use of three Nicaraguan airports as well as several Pacific ports. We worked out the deal quietly and without argument. Had I not been so thoughtful as to bring his wife such a beautiful gift, we would have spent a great amount of time haggling over time and place—and, of course, money. The way it turned out, we had a deal that was great for him, for me, and for my clients. When I left, there was no misunderstanding of the situation. I would return in a month with more money and a new deal. We were more or less partners. Our business dealings had been sealed."

Absolutely no remorse is shown in Vallejo's features or his voice. As far as he is concerned, he was a businessman making business deals. "I do not look into the morality of my business. That is for the church people, the writers, the philosophers. It is my way of making a living. I am telling you about it with only one request: that it is told truthfully. If you wish to make comments as to its morality, that is your prerogative. I enjoyed working with Anastasio Somoza Debayle for a period of about ten years before he and his family became too greedy and wanted more than their share. For the first ten years, Anastasio Somoza Debayle was a very good business partner. You would have to have known Somoza to appreciate his business acumen. Here is this big man, huge in size as well as in generosity when I first met him in the summer of 1967, within just several months of his election as President. He had already had great wealth, great position; his father, El General Anastasio Somoza Garcia, had first been elected President of Nicaragua when Somoza was just twelve years old. Off and on for three different times, El General was President, and when Somoza was but thirty-one years old, in 1956, his father was assassinated before his eyes. Later, his brother, Luis, became president of the country, and Anastasio—who was called Tachito—was made chief of all of the armies. Now this came after Somoza had gone to the United States, attended West Point, been indoctrinated not only with our military leadership but the entire free-enterprise system. He believed in it totally. And when, within days of his becoming the *numero uno* in his country, this man from the north arrives and demonstrates how he can triple, quadruple, even multiply his wealth tenfold, he is interested.

"He told me: 'I have always felt as though I belong to the United States, that my country is a part of the hemisphere which we all share. I think we have more in common than you have with the Europeans or either of us have with the Asians. We must work together to further the great event of twentieth-century capitalism.'

"It was this kind of true believer stance that made him great on one

continued on page 72



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CAPTAIN KURT SPACES OUT

Richard Brautigan committed suicide.
Joseph Heller has become trite.
Thomas Pynchon no longer writes.
But Vonnegut goes on.
Hi ho.

More accurately: Hi Ho!, because Vonnegut remains a major standard-bearer of the crazed-lunatic, surrealist-absurdist, ultimately ultra-sane literary style that blazed across the '60s. Remember the '60s? The '60s—a metaphor for a sensibility that has now become unstuck in time. Unstuck in time—a phrase

coined by Kurt Vonnegut in *Slaughterhouse Five*, a big '60s novel that was partly an allegory about Vietnam. Vietnam—a deadening of the spirit caused by American corporate greed disguised as misguided American philanthropy. Kurt Vonnegut: an expert on the deadening of the spirit.

"This country is making me crazy," Vonnegut recently told a slightly shocked but spellbound audience, much of which thought he was drunk, at the New York University Writers' Conference. "New York is making me sick... my wife is making me sick... you can become sick by the culture outside yourself."

Vonnegut is basically so pissed at humanity that he kills off all of it but a handful in his new novel, *Galápagos*, and those he saves he turns into harmless, armless creatures resembling porpoises who only like to fart, fuck and go fishing—scratch that, all they *can* do is fart, fuck and go fishing, because that's where evolution has left them. He's also stripped them of their so-called "big brains" and covered them with fur. It's the big brains that have made people miserable, Vonnegut has concluded, and in *Galápagos*, humans' large brain size will prove to be an evolutionary dead end, like

the flightless wings on a dodo bird.

"It's hard to believe nowadays that people could ever [be] brilliantly duplicitous..." says the narrator in the book, a million-year-old ghost named Leon Trout, son of Vonnegut's famed s-f writer character, Kilgore, "...until I remind myself that just about every adult human being back then had a brain weighing about three kilograms! There was no end to the evil schemes that a thought machine *that* oversized couldn't imagine and execute..."

No, there's no end to the mess people make of their world in Vonnegut's works, or the mess the world makes of them. "Society and culture are my villains," he told the budding NYU writers. "I think society is wicked."

Such a blunt assessment of modern reality has made Vonnegut a hero to generations of college-age social rebels, from the '60s to now. They respond sympathetically to his basic premise that life has become much more precarious than it need be. The idea is brought out in novels like *Galápagos*, *Slaughterhouse Five*, *Cat's Cradle* and *Deadeye Dick*, that are based on undeniably plausible visions of sudden and unnecessary apocalypse. In *Galápagos* an epidemic destroys human fertility; in *Cradle* a pointless scientific inven-

The venerable Vonnegut shoots from the lip at a decidedly unsober seminar.

tion freezes all the water in the world; in *Slaughterhouse* the good guys wreak an inferno on a large civilian population; in *Deadeye* the U.S. government destroys an Ohio city to test a neutron bomb. And so on. ("And so on" being Vonnegut's patented all-purpose mantra, repeated throughout his books, and working as the equivalent of a sigh.)

Vonnegut rages at society gone mad, at technology gone mad, at a people gone morally soft in the head and hard in the heart. "How sick was the soul revealed by the flash at Hiroshima?" he asks in his autobiographical *Palm Sunday*. "I deny that it was a specifically American soul. It was the soul of every highly industrialized nation on earth... so sick it did not want to live anymore. What other soul would create a new physics based on nightmares, would place into the

continued on page 75



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AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

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ALL RIGHT, BUT THE RACKET, BUT FRAT RATS!! COME IN OR AND BUST YA!



Alas! It is true — you can never go back home. Especially if it's an ancient civilization.

continued from page 30

brompheniramine, pyrilamine, phenyltoloxamine, pheniramine, phenindamine, doxylamine, thonzylamine and diphenhydramine.

Pain relievers that are used for colds include aspirin, acetaminophen and salicylamide. The first two of these may also help to reduce fever. These drugs are often included in general cold remedies but can also be bought separately.

Coughing is one of the primary ways one has of ridding the body of irritants caused by the cold. Those coughs that loosen and expel mucus and phlegm hasten the curative process and should probably not be suppressed. Dry, irritating coughs can often be helped by sucking hard candy or cough drops or inhaling steam. Decongestants may also help by reducing the flow of mucus. Avoiding cigarette smoke or other self-inflicted irritants can also make a difference.

Cough suppressants work by affecting the cough center in the brain. They tend to be expensive and should be only used in extreme situations, as they usually involve side effects. The most commonly used of these drugs are codeine, diphenhydramine and dextromethorphan. Codeine is probably the most effective of these, but it is an opiate—a narcotic analgesic—and many states prohibit its sale without a prescription.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

● Cold remedies have entered the drug folklore with a number of side effects, especially when taken in excessive dosages. In the days before LSD became relatively available on the street, Romilar cold pills taken in quantity were considered a potent psychedelic.³ Need we remind anyone that heroin was first marketed as a cough suppressant?⁴

Constipation or drowsiness will occur from codeine and other suppressants over time. Codeine may also cause narcotic addiction in persons vulnerable to addictive disease and may also be responsible for relapse in recovering addicts.

Other remedies may cause undesirable stimulant effects, including PPA and the antihistamines. This "wired" feeling can be disconcerting and uncomfortable. Most liquid cold remedies contain alcohol and should not be used in conjunction with other sedative-hypnotic drugs.

Some individuals may be allergic or highly sensitive to over-the-counter cold remedy components. If you have any unusual or alarming symptoms, stop using the medication. If the symptoms persist, see a doctor. Anyone using prescription drugs should check for possible adverse drug interactions.

PPA in cough-cold preparations can give a false positive for amphetamines with the EMIT urine screen, which can produce problems for the recovering addict whose treatment progress is

being monitored with the EMIT urine screen. Persons who are required to undergo pre-employment drug screening, prisoners and parolees, and armed-services personnel are also at risk of EMIT false positives.

FIRST AID PLUS

● In most cases, colds are best handled by rest in bed, avoidance of stress, lots of liquids and time—usually about a week. If you must use cold medicine, check the list of ingredients and stay within the recommended dosages. Overdoses on any narcotic analgesic or sedative-hypnotic ingredients would be treated in the usual manner for such drugs, and medical help at an emergency room or poison center should be sought. It's rare that someone gets hung up on non-prescription cold medicine, but it can happen. Compulsive use over time, with or without cold symptoms, is addiction and should be treated as such. ●

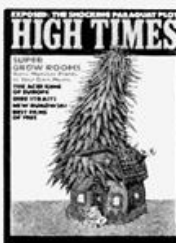
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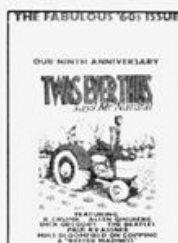
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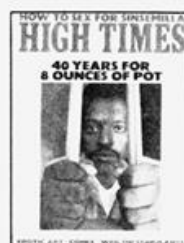
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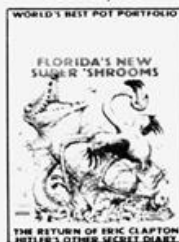
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AIDS

continued from page 36

medical directors in 10 states revealed that "intravenous drug users represent a majority of prisoners who have AIDS..."¹³

I spoke with Annette Johnson from the New York State AIDS Institute to find out what is being done to educate inmates and prison workers about AIDS. She told me that they have held two-hour seminars (in conjunction with the Department of Correctional Services) to tell staff members what the symptoms of AIDS are, how it is spread, how people with AIDS should be taken care of, and to answer any questions they have. A videotape has been prepared to supplement written materials. Similar seminars have been held for inmates in the state prison system and also on Rikers Island. The inmates do not see the videotape. The Dept. of Correctional Services has prepared a brochure for staff. The inmates receive a brochure prepared by the New York State Health Department for the general public. This brochure states that homosexual males and people who share needles to inject drugs can get AIDS, but it contains no information about safe sex or how to clean works. I asked Johnson if inmates were told to use condoms, given condoms, or told not to

share needles or given information about how to clean them. She said no.

Needles are, of course, contraband in prison and must be smuggled in. The small supply of needles makes it likely that they will be shared. However, prison administration policy is that inmates with AIDS contracted it prior to incarceration, and nobody in *their* facility is shooting up—much less having sex! This has seriously hampered preventive health education for inmates.

National Efforts to Combat AIDS

Gradually, local efforts to fight AIDS are gathering momentum. But what's being done on a national level? Dr. Hal Ginzburg, Associate Director for Clinical Medicine, Division of Clinical Research, National Institute of Drug Abuse, explained to me that "one of the problems is size of the problem." AIDS among IV drug users has the potential to be even more explosive than among gay men. Given the reported rates of how many IV drug users test positive for exposure to HTLV-III, Ginzburg said, "Sharing needles just once a week is a significant risk factor. People who chip on weekends are at as much risk as daily users, especially in New York City, Newark, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, and Washington, D.C."

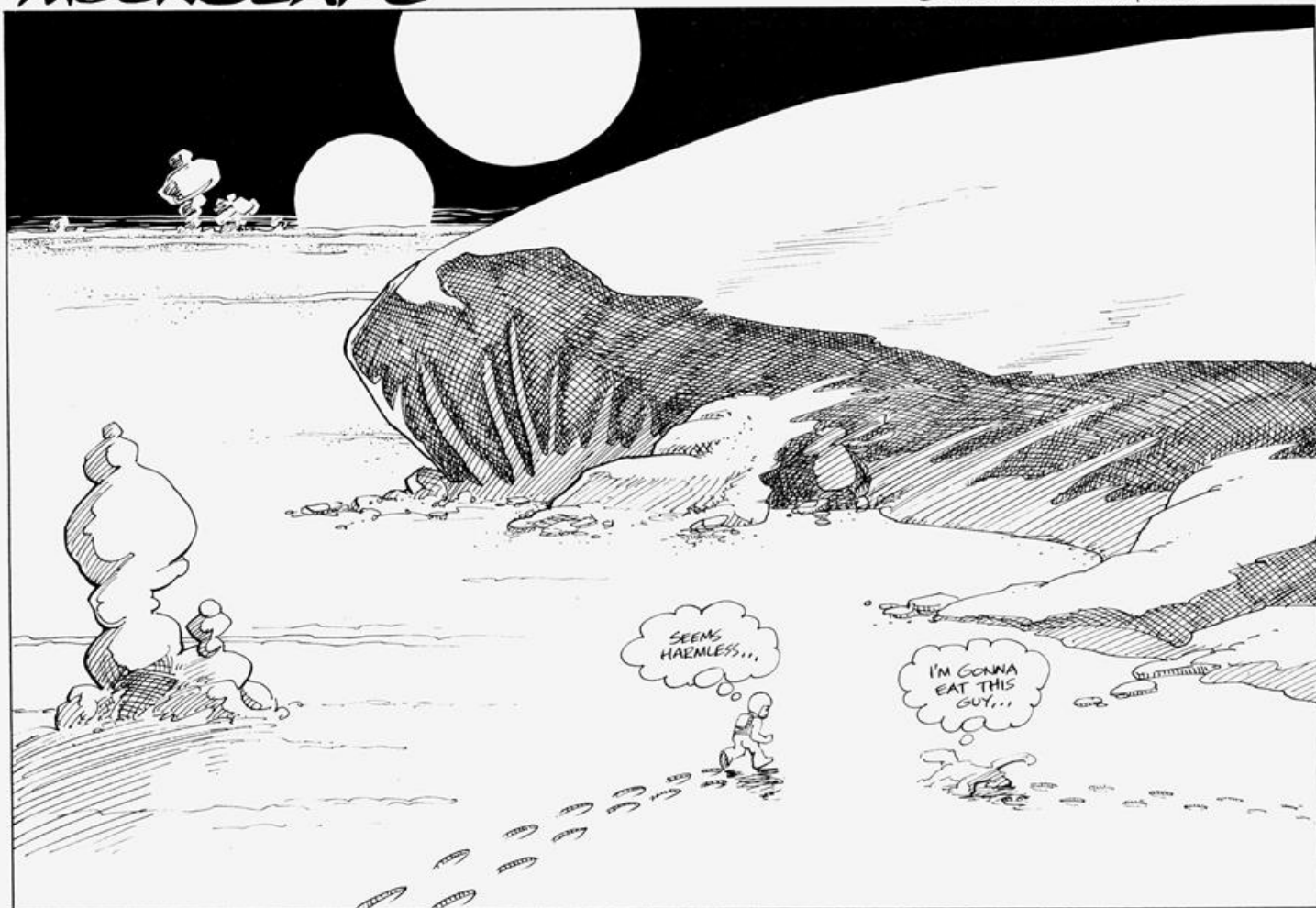
NIDA is currently developing a national strategy to reach IV users. Ginzburg feels more research is needed to understand the history of the disease among addicts, how to do intervention and education, and how the drugs themselves impact on the immune system. He believes that research has already demonstrated that heroin has immuno-suppressive properties, as do to some extent marijuana and inhalants (poppers). But the effect of adulterants—what the drugs are cut with—and bacteria introduced when chemicals are produced under less-than-pharmaceutical conditions—is poorly understood. NIDA is also conducting a study on whether decriminalization of drug paraphernalia makes a difference in sharing needles by examining the using patterns in four states with no laws banning possession of syringes or needles. "Anecdotal data says when needles are freely available they are still shared," he said. However, he still hopes education can change behavior—"A drug user expects infections and abscesses from shooting up, but he does expect to live. AIDS changes that."

The federal government, "following intense pressure capped by the threat of a congressional subpoena," has moved to allot an additional \$45.7 million for AIDS-related programs in 1985 and 1986. About one-third

continued on page 68

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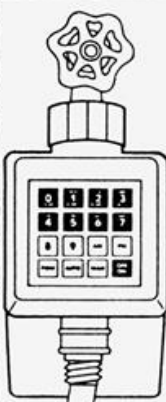
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AIDS

continued from page 66

of the increase for 1986 is earmarked for education and risk-reduction efforts. Gary MacDonald, lobbyist and head of the AIDS Action Council, noted, "It's probably just enough to get a good beginning on a comprehensive, national public-education and risk-reduction campaign. It's roughly 10 times what's being spent this year on those activities." But funds for research (especially investigation of treatment) lag far behind the need.¹⁴

Moral Panic Generated by AIDS

Some yo-yo propositions are coming down the pike from right-wing, born-again types who want to use AIDS to push their repressive agenda. Jerry Falwell, head of the Moral Majority, wants the U.S. Senate to pass legislation that would allow civil lawsuits against AIDS carriers, require mandatory testing of blood during all routine physical examinations, give state health departments the authority to quarantine people with AIDS, require mandatory prison sentences for people with AIDS who continue to have sex, and charge anyone who gives someone else AIDS with involuntary manslaughter if they die of the disease.¹⁵

Don't laugh. At a May 20 meeting in Washington, D.C., Dr. James Mason, then director of the Centers for Disease Control, revealed that the Reagan administration was considering a quarantine of people with AIDS.¹⁶ Forced hospitalization of people with AIDS is already allowed in Britain.¹⁷ And public health officials in California,¹⁸ South Carolina,¹⁹ and other states have publicly admitted they have at least considered quarantine as a possible response. In New Haven, Connecticut, a 29-year-old woman who was arrested for possession of drug paraphernalia and suspected of being a prostitute was also suspected of having AIDS. She left the hospital without permission and later turned herself in to the police. Her name was published in local papers, branding her as an AIDS victim even though no official diagnosis had been made.²⁰ She has since died of AIDS, and Connecticut has enacted a quarantine law, specifically in response to this case.²¹

A widescale quarantine would raise troublesome civil liberties issues, especially in the absence of a diagnostic test for AIDS. The only blood tests available can only determine if an individual has been exposed to HTLV-III and produced antibodies to the virus. The most commonly used test, ELISA, is preferred by blood banks who need to screen huge amounts of blood cheaply and quickly. However, ELISA has a very high rate of false positives. About 60-75 percent

of all positive results are negative when the sample is retested using a more accurate method, the Western Blot assay. More accurate tests are in production in Britain and France. But even an accurate test results is difficult to interpret. Blood that contains antibodies to HTLV-III should, of course, not be used for transfusions. But no one knows if a positive test means you have AIDS, will eventually develop AIDS, can give AIDS to other people, or are immune to AIDS.²²

Despite these puzzling problems, the CDC enthusiastically suggested a national registry of blood donors who tested positive on ELISA.²³ A howl of protest scotched this plan, but you should still beware of ELISA. If you are a member of a high-risk group, don't donate blood. If you want to be tested for HTLV-III antibody, call one of the agencies listed in the resource guide and ask them for the nearest "alternate test site," where you can have this done anonymously. Even having your private physician enter this information into your medical records could make you vulnerable to discrimination in employment, health insurance, life insurance, etc.

The Pentagon has persuaded civilian blood banks on military bases to turn positive ELISA results over to military doctors.²⁴ On August 30, the Dept. of Defense announced that all prospective military recruits will be screened for HTLV-III antibody, and those who test positive will be rejected. A propos-

THE YEAR IN PICTURES

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al to screen everybody currently in the service is being considered.²⁵ The Navy is already giving anybody diagnosed with AIDS a dishonorable discharge, on the assumption that the only way they could have gotten it was by doing something against the United Code of Military Justice.

Nobody wants to think about taking precautions against AIDS before they hit up. It's tempting to ignore the whole mess and wait for the miracle of modern science to come up with a vaccine. That's probably going to be a long wait. HTLV-III appears to mutate at an astonishing rate. Scientists at the National Cancer Institute examined samples of the virus obtained from 18 different people. Each "isolated virus showed a different variation in its genetic structure... To develop a vaccine, researchers say they need to find a common protein region, preserved in all variations of the virus, that brings an immunologic response." The rueful conclusion was, "developing a preventive vaccine may prove very difficult, if it can be done at all."²⁶

AIDS has made even skin-popping a potentially fatal hobby. And it has made it easier for the narcs to justify stepped-up enforcement of our antiquated and unjust drug laws. It will be surprising if new laws and other repressive measures are not imposed on us. But you don't have to get AIDS. You don't have to die. Why give the bastards in charge satisfaction? □

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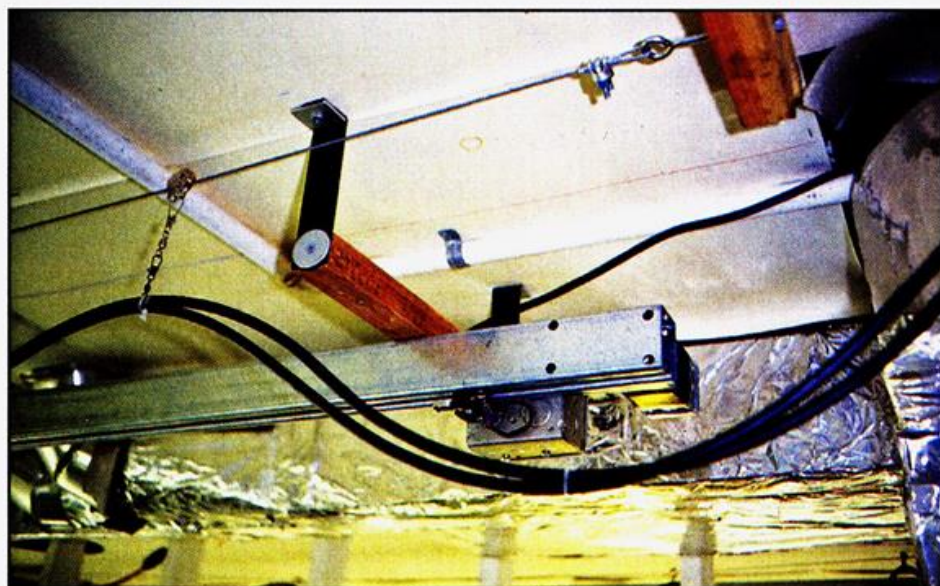
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GROW

● To ensure maximum indoor growth, halides must be properly rotated so all plants get plenty of light.

AW



● Photo #1

PERFORMING A BALANCING ACT WITH LIGHTS

BY JORGE CERVANTES

● LIGHT WAVES WHICH REACH Earth from the sun are nearly parallel to each other, so the intensity of the light doesn't change perceptibly when an outdoor plant is raised a few feet. However, light intensity from electrical lamps diminishes rapidly because the lamp is close to the plant and is emitting a rapidly-widening beam. As the distance from the lamp increases, a wider area is lit but much less brightly. In fact, light intensity fades away so fast that a plant two feet away from an unshaded metal halide receives one-quarter the light as it does from one foot away. A plant nine feet away from the bulb will receive only 1/81 the light. This is why lamps must be kept very close to the sun-loving marijuana for rapid, vigorous growth.

Efficient reflectors over the lamps and along the walls can ameliorate some of the effects of the light dilution so that the light is reflected mostly to

areas where it can be used. However, there are still hot spots and cold spots. A plant four feet away from the lamp receives dramatically less light than does one two feet away.

To solve that problem, growers use light balancers. These devices move lamps over a garden so the light reaches plants more evenly. As light moves over the garden it strikes leaves at different angles so that more plant parts receive direct light. Light balancers can increase the yield of a garden by 20 to 50 percent.

The same result could be achieved by rotating the plants several times a day, but this is a difficult job.

There are two basic categories of light balancers: **linear** and **arc**. Both the arc and the linear methods can be motorized or manual.

The linear systems move the lamp(s) in a straight line (linear oval) across the ceiling. Motorized "tracks" are usually fastened to the ceiling. If vibration from the motor is a problem, growers mount the "track" on a 1" x 2" board, then fasten the board to the ceiling with a piece of webbing to absorb the vibration. (See Photo #1.)

Adaptable to most rectangular and square locals, the tracks reach all the way into the corner of a room. The lamp cords must also reach into the corners with the lamp. The cords are coupled to an overhead line. (See Photo #2.) Also



● Photo #2

with the track, the lamp spends a little less time at the end of the track than it does in the middle. This is like being in the middle and passing a joint to each end. Remember how lit up the middle smoker gets?

The lamp is hooked to the balancer with a chain that is adjusted to three to six inches over the garden. The resulting track system can double the optimum coverage possible from the light source. For example, a six-foot track increases optimum coverage from 36 to 72 square feet.

The automated light balancer could be the answer for growers who would like to have another lamp, but are paranoid about the electricity consumption. A light balancer will use about the same amount of light as a 75-watt incandescent light bulb: a real savings in electricity and an increase in intense light.

A manual linear light balancer is easy

AMERICAN

to set up. It requires only one pulley, a piece of rope and two screws to fasten each end. The rope is placed through the pulley. Each end of the rope is secured to the ceiling. The rope must be able to support at least 10 pounds. A chain is attached between the pulley eyelet and the lamp. The lamp is manually moved above the garden several times a day to maintain balanced lighting and an even garden profile. This is a great system for rooms needing only two to three feet of movement on the track.

The arc method uses a pivoting or hinge motion. The unit swivels on a wall or ceiling overhead. The lamps take an arc-shaped path, covering a little more space than the linear method. Arc systems do not cover corners, but the lamps overlap at the end of the arc pattern, and plants get more balanced light. (See Drawing #1.)

One manual arc method used plumbing fittings. A handy person attached a one-and-a-half-inch, flat-threaded wall fixture to the ceiling beam, and then threaded it into a "T" with a horizontal one-to-two-inch opening. Then he slid the appropriate five-to-six-foot pipe through the horizontal opening. He attached a lamp on each end of the pipe so that they balanced. (One lamp could be used with a counterbalance in place of another lamp.)

The other arc method uses a large pair of strap hinges attached to an extendable boom. The 12-inch strap hinges are securely mounted to the grow room wall, one at 6 feet and one at 8 feet. Head room is achieved by the high boom. A 1" x 12" board is secured between the hinges like a door. Two 2" x 4"s are bolted from the 1" x 12" to form a boom four to eight feet long. The lamp is mounted on the end of the boom and swung back and forth manually several times a day.

There are about six light balancer manufacturers in the U.S., each with their own design. As usual, there seem to be more opinions on light balancers than there are manufacturers. All the light balancers come with a small electric motor that plugs into the regular 110-volt house outlet. Most of the light balancers have a safety device to stop the motor if something impairs the movement of the lamp. This is a major con-

cern if you plan to leave the grow room over a day or two.

The **Solar Schuttle™** was the first light balancer on the market. This linear model moves one lamp back and forth on a track. The lamp is suspended from rollers in the track. A mechanical switch is enacted via a continuous-motion chain to move it back and forth on a six-foot track. The track can be hack-sawed shorter than six feet, but it is a permanent shortening. The **Extender** is another track and an adjustable linkage arm between the two six-foot tracks. This gives the grower another track for about

\$40 more rather than spending the price of a new track and motor. The Extender may be set up in a line or parallel. (See Drawing #2.)

Another track system has a cable within the track. The cable takes the place of the chain to move the lamp back and forth. At the end of the cycle is a switch to reverse the motor. This switch can be placed at any point on the track so that the lamp(s) can be from a few inches to over 10 feet in length. This unit is very heavy-duty, and can support the weight of up to six lamps. However, if more than one lamp is used, homemade supports and rigging are required. The cable has been known to twist and run off the track. (See Photo #1.)

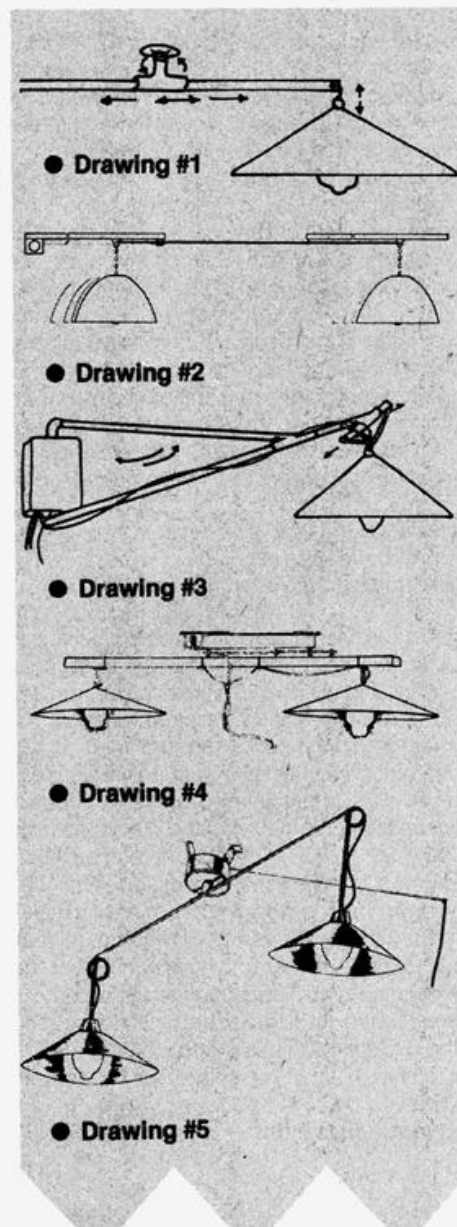
Another track light balancer is in the development stage. This balancer uses a track similar to the others. The main difference between this and the previous one is that, instead of a cable, a long screw is used to motivate the lamp from one end of the track to the other. I hope to see this product on the market in the near future.

The **Whirly Gig** uses the arc method to swing two lamps back and forth overhead on independent arcs. The booms have holes drilled on eight-inch centers, and lamps can be mounted on maximum seven-and-a-half-inch centers, making it able to handle up to a 16' x 16' room. A motor runs an offset gear that turns the independent arms in 160-degree arcs. A gravity clutch takes the pressure off the motor if a lamp is stopped. (See Drawing #3.)

The **Enhancer** comes in two models, single and double arc. The single arc is mounted on the wall, and a boom swings back and forth over the garden. One or two lamps may be hung from the extending boom. A heavy-duty motor swings the boom. The motor meets a good deal of resistance at the angle it is required to swing the boom, which puts extra strain on the system. The arc covers a 180-degree pattern which is extremely useful in certain grow room configurations. (See Drawing #4.)

The Enhancer is secured to the ceiling. A motor spins an off-center shaft to drive the unit back and forth in two 80-degree arcs. The Enhancer uses two or four removable telescoping booms to suspend two, four or five lamps. The four booms can be adjusted to any length so that they will fit into a room 7' x 7' and as large as 20' x 20'. If the lamp is stopped, a gravity clutch will take the pressure off the motor.

The **Sun Circle**, also attached to the ceiling, makes a complete 360-degree circle. The ballast cords are connected to the lamp via a drum and brushes that carry the electricity out to the lamps. Two booms allow for the lamps to be set up a maximum distance of six feet. A safety feature stops the Sun Circle if it is out of balance or if lamp movement is impaired. (See Drawing #5.) ●



CONNECTION

continued from page 59

hand and vulnerable on the other. He was intense in this belief. Later, when he grew a mustache, he would reach up and curl the edges when he spoke of his love of the United States and capitalism, and his eyes then would shine brightly. He would say, 'I know my friends in your country will take care of me and my country, if we ever need them badly.' By that time he had become obsessed with the thought that Fidel Castro was attempting to overthrow his government.

"My own dealings with the Somoza government amounted to giving them a total of more than \$13.5 million over a period of about ten years. All was paid in cash to Anastasio or Luis, or other family members. Now and then I would give money to one or more of the generals in his government in order to keep them happy, because you never can tell in a country like Nicaragua; you have to make sure that everyone is taken care of. The President also had many cousins. They all needed assistance from time to time, and three of them manned the airports in the highlands. We made our deals man to man, I always paid in cash, and it was always understood that Somoza's relatives would receive appropriate payoffs commensurate with their positions within the government. You see, you have to realize that toward the end, when it really became very dangerous indeed to do business with Nicaragua, Somoza's family owned everything that was worth owning. It was as simple as that. And, of course, when the rebels did succeed in ousting him, my people had pulled out of Nicaragua. We did not do business there within the last twelve or fourteen months of his regime. I advised them to withdraw their interest, not to even attempt to land the planes in a country where they might be shot down for being traitors. Generally, smugglers are peace-loving people. They live at a high intensity, put their own lives on the spot, hate the rats who squeal, but do not wish to harm anyone while they are doing their business.

"I moved operations to Guatemala, where I made arrangements with the ruling party bosses. And at this same time back in Mexico I made deals with two very large landowners in the upper regions of Guanajuato and Chihuahua. At certain times of the year when the moon was well hidden and the night was extremely dark, the pilots could take off from the fields, fly very high, and come in low over the rural section of the border between Juárez and Nogales. It was dangerous, but this is a dangerous business even in the best of circumstances."

Vallejo never saw the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of narcotics that he arranged to be transported through the countries of Central and South America. He was not present on the night when one of the small planes, which had refueled from a tank truck on the Chihuahua ranch, faltered in takeoff, bit the dust, and sent flames licking high into the night while the pilot's *compadres* raced back across the border to safety. He was not at the hillside airstrip in the Guatemalan jungle when a DC-4 touched down and was met by an onslaught of guerrilla gunfire. The flight was aborted, the pilot and crew tortured and killed, and the cargo was confiscated by the troop commanders.

"The conservative governments backed by the United States have never had any trouble convincing themselves that they should do business with me or my clients. As long as the money is good, the business is there. What is it to them if we use their little strip of land to touch down, purchase their gasoline, pay real *dineros* to the people manning the strips, leave nothing behind but good will?" He shrugs characteristically. "It is good capitalism, even in pro-U.S. countries like Costa Rica, where we have had *simpático* arrangements for a long while.

"I know for a fact that in the last year the Salvadoran government supported by our government has built landing strips mainly for our drug operations with funds provided to them by the United States. Sure, they say that it is for military use. Who is truly to question them? Not I. But I know that it is true that the taxpayers' money is being shipped south by the Ronald Reagan government to aid in illegal drug operations, while at the same time the same administration is spending more taxpayers' money to wage what they call 'an all-out war' against narcotics smuggling in the United States.

"It is this kind of hypocrisy that makes me believe that the middle-

class person in Kansas City is the real dope user and dope abuser in the United States. The government is taking money out of the average taxpayer's pockets day by day to pay the tab of these countries down here to keep them capitalistic. That is the ultrastupidity of this game. It is crazy.

"Because this is happening—and I assure you I am very sure that it has happened and is happening, not only with the governments of Somoza but with the so-called democratic governments of Honduras, Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, and others—we will never have to worry about a shortage of illegal drugs in the United States. I never do business with Communist countries; there is no flow of money in communistic countries. The Soviet Union has no problem with dope because no one, outside of a few higher-up party bosses, has any money with which to buy drugs. A person does not wish to do business in a country like that. In the United States there is no such difficulty; there is a strong flow of money, even among the young. In the United States a person does not have to be filthy rich to buy narcotics. In the U.S.S.R. you have to be very, very rich to have such a luxury; you have to be powerful—very powerful."

When asked, officials of Nicaragua, El Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica denied that they had ever used funds from the United States to help in the trade of narcotics. Most vehemently denied being involved in trafficking drugs into North America. However, sources who had worked to police Central America agreed with Andy Vallejo that the countries had built jungle airstrips which had become safety stopping points for aircraft bringing drugs out of Colombia and other South American countries. "The governments that receive funds from the United States say that they build the airstrips for good and honorable reasons. And even the super-conservative guerrillas in Nicaragua—fighting against the Sandinista government that overthrew Somoza—have cut airstrips in jungle areas, and they have allowed dope planes to land, refuel, and take off," said the former CIA undercover agent no longer operating in the area. "The CIA itself has helped in the construction of some of these strips with the knowledge that the planes from Colombia, bound for Texas or California, will be landing there. It is part of our hands-off policy. We give money, help with the effort, and then pretend we see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing. It is the way things happen."

And Vallejo agrees. Once, because he did not go along with a road stop situation in the north of Guatemala, where soldiers were detaining highway traffic for as long as three and four hours to search even the old women and children, he was arrested as an unwelcome alien. "They have the right to do it in these countries," he now says matter-of-factly. "For a moment I forgot where I was. For a moment some of the old Kansas City Protestantism came out in me." He laughs heartily again. "I guess it had been buried down in here somewhere but not altogether lost to my soul."

He was placed in detention in a rat- and roach-infested, dungeon-like jail in a small town near the Mexican border. "It was a hellhole, a sewer, even for this country; it was *my mal*, stank like a gutter, and if one stayed there for more than a week it was truly a life sentence. There was so much disease among the few who lived in the squalor that I could see the germs crawling toward me. This, of course, I imagined, because I was fresh meat and smelled of the outside world; but I knew it could not be for long. I worked very hard, put on my best charm, and spent a quick 20,000 American dollars to become a free man within twenty-four hours. I know my limitations. I know I am too weak to last in places like that."

For Vallejo, life is a series of what to the average man in a wealthy country would be high adventure. Waging war against what he calls "the constant threat of terminal boredom," Vallejo says that he has failed to create happiness. "You can write that I am the great loner from the Wild West, a child of an earlier part of this century when men were men, when individuality actually counted for something, but that would be so much crap. I am a person who lost his way somewhere, whether it was when I was a kid in the Badlands, when I ran away from home, when I got into business in Hong Kong, I don't know; it doesn't really matter. I'm no great morality story. I am a person who has made much money, who spends it, and who continues to look for the frontier just beyond the next horizon." □

Reprinted from *Flying High: Inside Big-Time Drug Smuggling* by Wayne Greenhaw, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1984.

EVANGELISTS

continued from page 41

every brick and square inch of land is "for sale" to "prayer partners." "Now that doesn't mean you own it," Jim is quick to point out. "You see, it's a *gift*!" Well, those gifts have to pay for quite a lot, most notably Tammy's wardrobe, makeup and wigs. She wears more makeup than a drag queen. When Tammy isn't singing one of her slightly off-key "hit" tunes, Jim is conducting interviews from their living room set, furnished with the latest in colonial kitsch.

Jim Bakker has to be one of the most insincere, ineffectual preachers alive. You simply do not believe a word he says. And one's suspicions tend to be supported by the fact that he and Tammy purchased a houseboat just days after announcing that they had given away "every penny of our life's savings to save PTL" from financial disaster. Tammy doesn't do as much talking on the show as she used to. Tune in sometime to find out why.

Healing is by far the highlight of Christian TV. I guarantee you're not going to find anything this dramatic in a Meryl Streep movie. You'll spend hours wondering who is faking and who isn't. One of the best faith healers currently operating today is Rev. Ernest Angely. Pastor of the Grace Cathedral in Akron, Ohio, this Billy Graham-Liberace

hybrid is a far cry from the macho Burt Lancaster image in *Elmer Gantry*.

As an angelic choir sings crescendoing "allelujahs," the camera zooms in from above, past rows of "ala-plaster" Corinthian columns toward a white-suited, silver-tied, toupee-ed Angely. Before a set that resembles something from *La Belle et la Bête*, Ernest speaks, enunciating every vowel and consonant as if it were his last.

"If you have a baby that's ill or retarded or deformed or whatever, print that little one's body up against mine on contact upon the television screen. God's there." He calls to those "who have cancer, heart trouble, diabetes or whatever..." and, with the aid of some Secret Service-type bodyguards, the sick and afflicted are brought to the stage. Since Rev. Angely specializes in "restoring the eardrum," most of the candidates are deaf or, more often, partially deaf as they have greater odds for recovery. He instills into these suffering sheep the healing power of God with a vigorous whack on the forehead and the incantation of:

"HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAALLLL"
"HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAALLLL"
Whether overcome with the power of God, the power of positive thinking or the power of payola, many return to their seats "whole again." Yes, it does seem to work. And all the more so since this ain't live and one can, through the power of television, edit out one's shortcomings.

Yes, television is a wasteland and yes, Christian TV, for all its campy attributes, is on the top of the heap. But dearly beloved, I have seen the future of Christian TV and it is Dr. Eugene Scott. A no-frills, "talking head" philosopher, he is the only sane voice on television today. Articulate, humorous, irreverent and rebellious, Dr. Scott wages a one-man battle against the media-supported corruption of religion.

"I'm sick of these doo-doo spreaders who perform spiritual lobotomies every Sunday!"

"I'm sick of people telling me I have to get to heaven on bloody knees."

"These preachers think if we breathe we go to hell!"

"Sensible people have been waiting for someone to say it! Christianity isn't a bunch of do's and don'ts. These preachers take themselves too seriously. Learn to laugh! You don't save people by beating on them!"

"I've had it!" declares Dr. Scott, a long-haired, white-bearded middle-aged man fond of leather jackets and costume novelty hats. (This telecast, he was wearing an "authentic" English bobby's hat.)

"It's my crusade and I'm having *fun* doing it!"

The congregation manning the phones in the small, austere TV studio in Glendale, Cal., break into raucous cheers. "Shut up!" he lovingly shouts to his flock. "Shut up! You'll get your turn!" And with another puff

continued on next page



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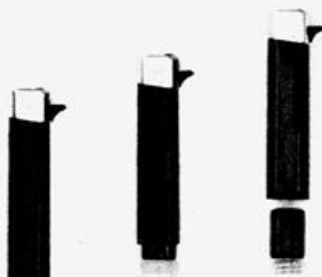
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EVANGELISTS

continued from previous page

on his ever-present cigar, he continues, "I'm searchin' for Truth. The cigar is just to make the traditionalists mad. Jesus offended the traditionalists. They're all puffed up and stuffed up. I'm on the other side of these Sunday Dumpsters who dump on us all the time."

Pause.

"HEAVEN WILL NOT BE POPULATED WITH HOMOGENIZED MORONS!"

Suddenly Dr. Scott breaks into a song. "It's harder and harder to love some damn preachers..." His faithful follow him, lovingly parroting each of his mannerisms and repeating each line of his improvised lyrics. The band joins in, momentum builds and soon all hell breaks loose. The TV screen erupts into a succession of quick edits that jump with each drum beat to scenes of developing chaos. Those at the phones sing at the top of their lungs, waving their arms high in the air. Cameramen start singing and laughing, the band members stamp their feet and other members of the devout run from one end of the studio to the next in a frenzy of excitement.

"Sing louder!" their fearless leader commands. "Anything this awful ought to be heard!" The studio is in complete anarchy as Dr. Scott starts singing "I am what I am with my hells and my damns." I hadn't witnessed this kind of giddiness since my friends and I smoked our first joint.

"These are marching songs for the war games. Songs for the campaign against the monkeys in the White House." The monkeys Dr. Scott describes are Reaganites like Falwell, Swaggart, Angely, Robertson and Tammy Bakker. Just the mere mention of Falwell's name illicit boos from the audience.

"The only sane voice that can still laugh at it is me," cries Gene.

Suddenly he sobers up.

"But I can be very serious about the right things."

The congregation responds to his cue and settles down. The band stops playing and the camera begins a slow zoom into Dr. Scott's face.

"You don't have to cram religion down people's throats. Preachers are like Indians looking for scalps, substituting coercion for love and faith. God does not need to be reduced to such smallness." And he begins to speak of a different kind of God. One who is not full of vengeance and wrath but, rather, "grace and peace."

"God is not against you. He gives unmerited favor. He is full of un-againstness. Christianity is a courageous act of faith that reaches into eternity. It's between you and God the Father and Jesus Christ. They're the only two who count. Who else matters?"

"Don't you think it's time that Christianity returned to God's sanity? God gives us life. Why does Christianity kill us?"

Amen. □

NORML's Message to Political Leaders

With federal budget deficits at record highs, government must take steps to balance the budget. But while Democrats and Republicans argue over who to tax and how much, the deficit worsens.

Yet, this year over 30 million Americans will take advantage of an immense tax loophole. They will evade paying over \$15 billion in tax revenue. Isn't it time to stop this tremendous drain on our nation's economic resources?

American agricultural entrepreneurs have created a new revenue source for our economy, despite resistance and interference from the government bureaucracy. This new market represents an economic boon for America's farmers, and a potential new source of tax revenue.

Despite government interference, this crop has become the largest agricultural commodity in the United States, larger than wheat, corn, or soybeans. The farmers, wholesalers, and retailers of this crop earn over \$30 billion a year without paying a penny in taxes.

These entrepreneurs have enjoyed an

unprecedented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaws this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit.

Marijuana, it's time for a new look.

For further information contact:

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KURT VONNEGUT

continued from page 63

hands of mere politicians a planet so 'destabilized', to borrow a CIA term, that the briefest fit of stupidity could easily guarantee the end of the world?"

But though many college students may love Vonnegut, he doesn't necessarily love college students. In a brief interview with *HIGH TIMES*, he brushes them off as being mostly "conservative, like their parents" because of their privileged economic standing. "Students were conservative when I went to school at Cornell. The class system in this country has been stabilized since 1900... This is a society that protects the prosperous." He adds with a chuckle, "So I'm not in any danger."

Vonnegut has taken to berating students while on his lecture tour for voting for Reagan in such heavy numbers. "You're investing a lot of time and money and effort to acquire knowledge," he exclaims. "And here's a man who has never read a book!"

On the whole, Vonnegut's politics tend to be more ruefully existential than dogmatically class-conscious, but he definitely has had fun slapping around the rich and eccentric in his tales. And a more boisterous array of the strictly looney-tunes cannot be found in all of literature.

There's Eliot Rosewater in *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, who concocts a religion of personal philanthropy based on fire engines; wealthy Pontiac dealer Wayne Hoover in *Breakfast of Champions* who suddenly believes the world has turned into rubber; the mutant, hirsute twins who speak gibberish to each other in *Slapstick*; a bag lady who controls a powerful, evil conglomerate in *Jailbird*; a charlatan artist whose passion for gun collecting destroys his family in *Deadeye Dick*.

But what does Vonnegut really think about rich peo-

ple? Quite simply, he thinks they are destroying our literature.

"Rich people are more and more dominating writing, because they can afford to write," he said at NYU. "And, of course, they're going to write about their own experiences: prep school, sailing, horseback riding."

He thinks this is a particular shame because he thinks it's our literature that communicates to the world "that Americans aren't just gangsters and cowboys. We are human... Our literature is what makes us respectable."

Vonnegut's outspokenness on so many subjects has made his books a favorite target of arch-conservative groups who would like to dictate the reading habits of the nation's young. *Slaughterhouse Five* was actually pulled out of a school library in Drake, North Dakota, and burned in the furnace by the school janitor, obeying the instructions of a book-monitoring committee there.

Vonnegut's works, along with those by such literary Big Names as Joseph Heller, Bernard Malamud and Mark Twain, have been assailed in various censorship campaigns that saw incidents of book-banning, or attempted book-banning, increase 1000 percent between 1971 and 1981, according to the Office of Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association.

Vonnegut prefers not to be alarmist about the book-banning craze, and told *HIGH TIMES* that such moves "are more of an irritant than something that has had a crippling effect. The ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union) is now more interested in First Amendment cases as a result, and it has gotten a lot of other people oriented to the problem."

Asked about such recent court cases as that in which film director Costa-Gavras was sued over a fictional movie (*Missing*) depicting American-sanctioned brutality in Latin America, Vonnegut commented that

"There's always been censorship. We actually have a surprising amount of freedom here. Censorship is a universal human impulse everywhere. Those people [who would censor] don't know how the American game is supposed to be played. They're very bad Americans."

Vonnegut sees something else as being as much a threat to writers and writing: the fact that, perhaps as a result of living in an apocalypse-haunted—not to mention TV-and-movie drenched—culture, people no longer have much in the way of attention spans.

"It's been shown that audiences can't stand exposition. People are writing books like movies, with quick cuts. People will no longer sit still during the opening of a play and listen to a maid talking on the phone setting up character and action."

This is an ironic comment coming from a writer who has made a stylistic specialty of tearing away all excess verbiage from his prose (except for those repeating mantras), a writer who has built a reputation for streamlined story-telling that makes him something of an Ernest-Hemingway-of-the-absurd.

"I write from the point of view of a child," he has said. "Like Henry David Thoreau." He tells students that "the writing style which is most natural for you is bound to echo speech you heard as a child. I grew up in Indianapolis, where common speech sounds like a band saw cutting galvanized tin, and employs a vocabulary as unornamental as a monkey wrench."

For Vonnegut, keeping it plain has serious religious implications. "Simplicity of language is not only reputable, but perhaps even sacred. The Bible opens with a sentence well within the writing skills of a lively fourteen-year-old: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'"

Some critics have had trouble coming to terms with Vonnegut's immense

popularity, and deride as merely facile his controlled comic style. But no true student of writing would fail to see the enormous and painstaking craft that goes into Vonnegut's prose, how he is able to purposefully recharge with life withered figures of speech, how his jokes jump out at the reader like pop-up figures in a greeting card. That takes hard work, and incredible skill.

Today, Vonnegut says he's never edited unless he asks. He enjoys writing "only in retrospect—after it's done" and that he *does* read his reviews. "But the reviews are often the sadistic part of a magazine."

"Some of the reviews are like the court martial of Dreyfuss," he told a British documentary team, "where they form up the regiment in the square, and Dreyfuss is marched out, and they pull off his buttons—which are all the books I've written up to then—and then they take the man's saber—which is maybe the one really good book I wrote, *Slaughterhouse Five*—and the officer busts it over his knee and hands it back!"

With *Galápagos*, Vonnegut proves that his vision remains the bleakest and blackest around, and miraculously still one of the most fun to lock into. And he's no hypocrite. He doesn't just think your brain and my brain are way too big for reasonable functioning—he has stated for the record that one of his long-term goals is to "clear my head of all the junk in there... all the assholes, the flags and the underpants. I'm trying to make my head as empty as it was when I was born on this damaged planet..."

Perhaps he is trying to attain a Zen state of consciousness, where emptiness is form. With his simplicity of style, his sense of stillness and pain, his mantras and his absurdities, and his death-to-civilization hopefulness, maybe he has even achieved it.

What's the sound of one Vonnegut laughing?

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DUMB DOPE

continued from page 45

Now, the fact is, we've addressed all these "inconvenient" matters time and again. People who go driving under the influence of pot, or of any other intoxicant, are being wholly irresponsible, endangering themselves and everyone else on the road, just like people who drive drunk, or drive under the influence of soporific over-the-counter cold remedies. (See 'Abuse Folio,' page 30.) And growing young people shouldn't do any sort of intoxicating drug, pot or anything else. It'll complicate their adolescent learning process, which God knows is complicated enough without dope. Also, since all psychoactive drugs work in the body either by copying or stopping the action of natural body hormones, it's possible that in growing young people—since the growth process itself involves the action of these same hormones—even the THC in marijuana could conceivably induce adverse effects which it doesn't have in fully-grown adults. So kids shouldn't do pot, or any other drugs, and for the very same reason, pregnant women should avoid all unnecessary drugs.

As to your other points, there's absolutely no indication that pot has any consistent or significant effect on either testosterone levels or sperm count in individual men. In experiments involving scores of volunteer male subjects being tested together at one time, it's possible to tease out a slight statistical diminishment of sperm counts, for the group as a whole. But it's undetectable in individual cases, and would have no effect whatsoever on any person's fertility. It only occurs in the four hours immediately after smoking, and it has no medical or clinical significance at all. Rumors that pot might make a serviceable male contraceptive, based on this sperm-count rumor, are wildly over-optimistic.

As to the purported testosterone drop, that's just another case of selective pot-study citings. In 1974, Dr. Robert Kolodny at the Masters-Johnson Sex Research Institute in St. Louis took 20 men, had them smoke pot every day for over a month, and measured their testosterone levels every evening, before they went to bed, all stoned. At the end of the study, Kolodny found a tiny statistical drop in testosterone blood levels among the group as a whole; again, the change was undetectable in any individual case, and wholly devoid of any clinical significance. But this is only *half* the story.

A little later on the very same year, Dr. Jack Mendleson at Northwestern University also took 20 men, had them smoke pot every day for a month, and measured their testosterone levels every *morning*, right after they got up, all unstoned. At the end of the month, Mendleson observed a statistical (but insignificant) *increase* in average testosterone blood levels, among the group as a whole.

Endocrinology researchers duly concluded a fascinating thing, for endocrinologists. Something in marijuana obviously tends to exert a tiny suppressive effect on testosterone levels for men, for a few hours after they smoke it; and as the dose wears off, a smoker's testosterone levels obviously *rebound* a little ways above usual values, for just a little while. Since ordinary daily and even hourly testosterone blood-level changes far exceed this hardly-measurable fluctuation induced by pot, this whole business is only of significance to scientists, who can use THC in lab animals to investigate the mysteries of basic endocrinology. It's of no significance at all to potsmokers, except as a propaganda scare tactic.



Q *I stopped smoking pot as soon as I learned I was pregnant. It's been seven months now, and I'm definitely looking forward to revisiting the green stuff in a couple months. If I breast-feed the baby, though, I'd like to know if any THC might get into the milk, and what it might do to the baby.*

A You might better opt for bottle-feeding, if you really want to start smoking pot again after delivery. In 1983, Dr. Mario Perez-Reyes, of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, analyzed samples of breast-milk from several women who smoke pot, shortly after they'd given birth. He determined that yes, THC does get into breast milk. In fact it concentrates in breast milk, so that even if a lactating woman smokes just a *little* marijuana, it's possible that her breast-fed baby could imbibe quite a substantial dose of THC—especially considering the very tiny body size of nursing infants.

As to what THC might do to a nursing baby, no one can say for sure, but it's not likely to be very beneficial. It should most certainly cause a baby to become sleepier than ordinary after feeding, at the very least. But it might also, quite possibly, subtly interfere with some of the very critical developmental changes which babies go through in the postnatal period. Since nobody can predict what the effects of THC on newborn babies may be, you ought certainly to think very deeply about all these things before you decide to smoke pot while nursing. ●

ASK ED

continued from page 53

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—Stoney

Fort Knox, Ky.

The flies are not fruit flies, but some sort of fly which feeds on decaying matter in the soil. It would be difficult to eliminate them while the garden is going. They may have a little effect upon the plant roots, but other than being annoying, should not be damaging.

Soil can be pasteurized by steaming it for 20 minutes using a collander over rapidly boiling water, or in a pressure cooker. I do not recommend baking soil in an oven. It may change the chemistry of the soil and release dangerous gasses. A microwave oven may also be used with covered wet soil. Let it get steamy.

It is easier to pay a little more and to buy a soil which is already pasteurized or sterilized.

● I welcome comments, tips and questions regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Send all letters to Ask Ed, HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. Also send entries for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month Contests. All correspondents whose letters or photos are used will receive a free copy of my book, Marijuana Growers Handbook, Indoor/Greenhouse Edition.

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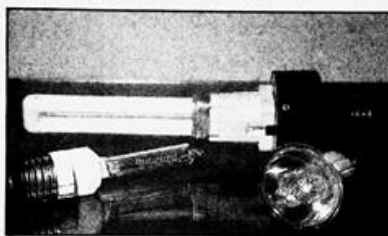
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Calif. prisoner wishes to correspond with intelligent women that enjoy art. Ronald W. Wiggins, P.O. Box A-E, CNC East, Apt. 1250, SLO, CA 93409.

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CASE IN POINT

A monthly report on drugs and the law.

BY KEVIN ZEESE

NORML'S LEGAL EAGLES FLY IN THE FACE OF THE FEDS

● THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) fights the marijuana issue on a variety of fronts: public opinion, the media, the legislatures and the courts. Our litigation program is especially effective.

By going to court we accomplish a number of objectives. First, we challenge the government when we think it breaks the law. Not only does this enjoin current illegal government programs, but it stops the government from initiating new illegal programs. Court cases also provide a good forum to debate government policy. Litigation focuses public attention and the media on abuses of marijuana policy. Finally, litigation lets the government know that NORML is a participant in making policy and forces them to deal with us. Yearly, NORML's legal team has been successful in getting the courts to brand the Drug Enforcement Administration as violators of the law—and we have succeeded in stopping some illegal government efforts.

Medical Marijuana: The longest-running challenge that NORML has been involved in is our effort to reschedule marijuana to allow its medical use. The legal action began in 1972 as a petition to the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the forerunner of the DEA, requesting that marijuana be rescheduled under the Federal Controlled Substances Act.

Since the original petition was filed, NORML has initiated six lawsuits and several administrative actions, and testified at numerous hearings on marijuana's rescheduling. The suits have resulted in the D.C. Court of Appeals admonishing the DEA and the Dept. of

Health and Human Services, in progressively stronger language, for their failure to properly consider NORML's petition.

As a result of a 1982 suit, the Court began to oversee the agencies' actions, and now requires them to file reports every 90 days describing their activity on the NORML petition. This summer the Food and Drug Administration approved the marketing of marijuana's psychoactive ingredient, THC. While THC was part of NORML's litigation, we are pushing the government to go further and allow natural marijuana to be used for medical purposes. While the suit has not yet resulted in legal medical marijuana nationally, it has helped to focus public opinion on the issue and prompted thirty-three states to enact laws which allow the medical use of marijuana.

Paraquat: The area of litigation which has received the most public attention has been NORML's efforts to stop the spraying of paraquat and other herbicides. Five lawsuits have been filed to prevent herbicide use in both the United States and foreign countries. The first suits concerned herbicide spraying in Mexico, the latter suits in the United States. NORML's efforts have forced the DEA to revise its Environmental Impact Statement a number of times after gross inaccuracies were discovered.

Our most successful paraquat suit was filed in 1983 when the federal government threatened to spray paraquat in every national forest in the United States. Shortly after the DEA sprayed paraquat on marijuana growing in national forests in Georgia and Kentucky, we were able to involve a coalition of environmental groups in litigation, and were successful in stopping the program before it went any further. The DEA has not sprayed since.

But the DEA has not given up. The government agency has spent over \$1 million to try to prove paraquat is safe and should be used. Currently, they are

preparing two Environmental Impact Statements that falsely claim that paraquat is safe, and they are trying to amend the paraquat label, which currently forbids its use in wildlife areas. We have participated in these proceedings and are continuing to monitor the DEA's plans. No doubt this will continue to be an area of ongoing litigation.

Aerial Searches and Paramilitary Marijuana Eradication Programs: NORML has been very concerned with the use of aircraft in marijuana searches since the late '70s when the programs began in California and Hawaii. NORML filed suit in 1980 challenging the DEA's aerial surveillance program. This suit, challenging the DEA's nationwide programs, is still pending in District Court in Washington, D.C. We have filed affidavits from California, Virginia and West Virginia describing the abusive nature of these aerial searches. Anyone with information describing abuses in their area should contact NORML.

NORML supports litigation concerning the abuses of the militaristic marijuana eradication of the DEA's program. Along with residents of Northern California and the Civil Liberties Monitoring Project, NORML was successful in challenging the CAMP (Campaign Against Marijuana Planting) program in California. As a result of the suit, the DEA and state officials were enjoined from committing abuses in the name of marijuana enforcement. They can still eradicate marijuana, but now they cannot abuse peoples' rights in the process. The activities of CAMP are being closely monitored and violations of the injunction will be reported to the courts. In the end, the suit is seeking monetary damages for the abuses caused by CAMP raiders.

We have also assisted people in Virginia who have filed suit against the intrusive nature of aerial searches in that

continued on page 96

● The marijuana
crusaders' litigation
program fights gov-
ernment abuse on a
number of crucial
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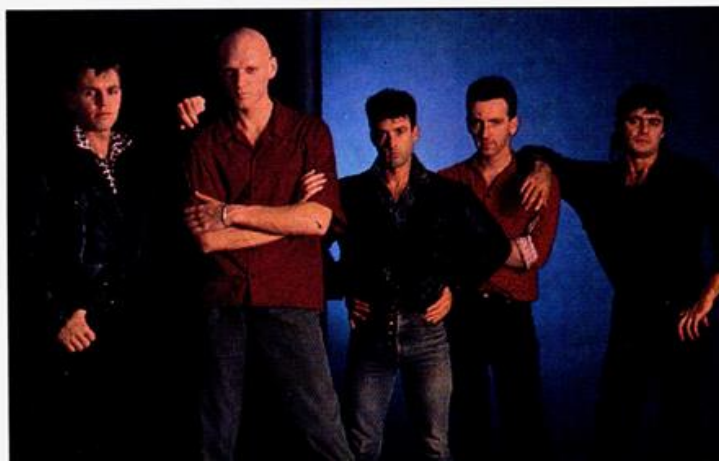
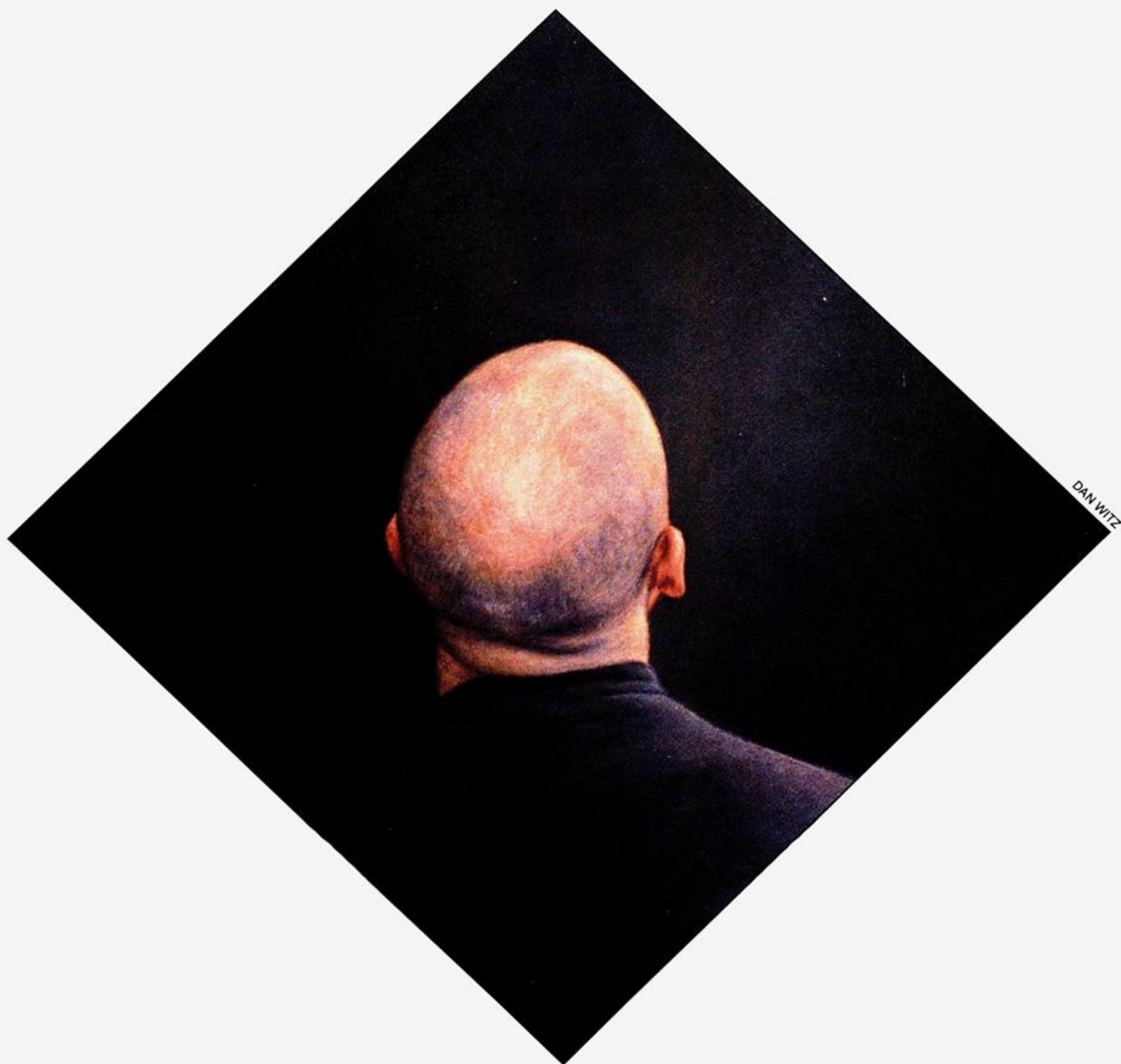
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● **Midnight Movers: Bald 'n' bad Peter Garrett poses with his Aussie bandmates.**

MUSIC

BY STEVE MATTEO

BURNIN' WITH MIDNIGHT OIL

● OVER THE PAST TEN YEARS, Australia has become one of the most important countries in the development of progressive music. While Australia was once known for turning out pop acts such as Olivia Newton-John and The Bee Gees, in the '80s progressive-minded artists have crowded the Australian market. One group, Men At Work, opened up the floodgates and allowed Australian music to be accepted by the mainstream consciousness of American music listeners. While other groups such as Mental As Anything, The Hoodoo Gurus and The Lime Spiders look like they have some potential for mainstream acceptance, the all-around most important band to emerge from Australia recently is Midnight Oil.

Midnight Oil is a band that has, according to Peter Garrett, "potentially lost millions" because the group chooses to make music on its own terms. It is that kind of commitment that has had music watchers and journalists bending over backwards in an effort to tout Midnight Oil as the most important band around. With only two domestic albums to its credit, Midnight Oil has touched a nerve among the politically restless. The group's newest album, *Red Sails in the Sunset*, is an apocalyptic yet hopeful album, filled with dissonant arrangements, thundering music and Peter Garrett's angry cries for justice. There is no doubt that the album will appear on many "best of" lists.

Considering Midnight Oil important largely because it's from Australia or because it's the most highly revered group from down under is to play down

the talent of the group members and the significance of its message. Similarly, while the urgency and the intensity of Midnight Oil's music is also characteristic of The Clash and U2, such comparisons do not extend below the surface, as Midnight Oil's approach to making music differs greatly from that of the other two groups.

Midnight Oil opened for UB40 on its recent summer American tour, and I had a chance to spend some time with lead singer Peter Garrett in New York. Garrett certainly is a menacing figure; long and angular, with a completely shaven head, he is almost frightening to meet at first. However, for a man so physically threatening, he is peaceful, gentle, intelligent and articulate. While he was enthusiastic about Midnight Oil's current status, and willing to talk about a wide spectrum of the issues of the day, Garrett was uncomfortable talking about himself. He is definitely a person more concerned with the world around him, and one who shuns self-absorption and prefers community involvement.

After talking about the cautious steps that Midnight Oil has taken to gain popularity in America, Garrett's dialogue naturally turned to a lengthy discussion about today's socio-political climate. As his tone became more serious, he tried to explain why he thought the Americanization of Australia and other parts of the world is not entirely positive.

"Americans tend to be very consumer-conscious," he said. "They are brought up in a society where being part of the producing and consuming environment is the way of life. They are encouraged to participate in the gathering of material goods, and not to take the time to look beyond their little world to improve the lot of others."

Garrett went on to express his disap-

● **This hot Australian band fuses fiery politics and incandescent rock to create some serious pop.**

pointment and bewilderment at people's selfish and war-like tendencies. When I brought up the Reagan administration's continually oppressive and militaristic tone, Garrett declared, "There's a lot to be concerned about with Reagan. Star Wars is the scariest proposition. Star Wars has been sold as a 'defense' system, when there is no way to stop nuclear annihilation. All of these research and deployment maneuvers break a massive amount of treaties. Sometimes there seems to be no way to stop Reagan."


While Garrett is an engaging speaker when he evaluates today's disastrous political system, his approach is far from being empty philosophizing. He is clearly an activist. After spending time on the surf circuit in Australia, he earned himself a law degree—something that didn't come easily. "After I started my degree, I realized I was getting into something very difficult. I really felt like leaving, but I'm one of those types of people who has to finish something. So I finished and passed the bar, and I'm glad I did."

Taking things a step further, Garrett recently ran for a seat in the Australian parliament. Although he lost, he did receive a surprising and respectable 10 percent of the vote. "I knew I wasn't going to win. I didn't run just to win. I ran to help bring the Nuclear Disarmament Party some visibility. To make the nuclear issue more prominent in Australia is very important. People in Australia realize more and more about the hazards of nuclear power. They are becoming educated about nuclear waste and Australia's vulnerable position strategically. When the big war breaks out, it won't be fought within the boundaries of the two super-powers; it will be in other places such as Europe."

It would have been very difficult for Garrett to do his job in parliament while continuing to work with Midnight Oil. He confided that during the campaign his responsibilities toward the campaign and the group became overwhelming. Lately, though, he has been able to relax and to get back out on the road with the Oils. In the past year he has emerged as a major voice in pop-rock.

While his approach to his career is not typical of today's flamboyant rock stars, Garrett is one of a handful of artists whose interests are diverse and commitment strong. Along with other artists like Bruce Cockburn and Ruben Blades, Garrett is bringing social consciousness back into pop music. Wherever the cause exists, Midnight Oil will keep the fire burning. ●

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Alternative Record Charts

JOHN LELAND

ALBUMS

1. Mission of Burma, *The Horrible Truth About Burma* (Ace of Hearts). Wailing, posthumous rock 'n' roll noise from the since-disbanded Boston quartet that came closest to fusing new wave's punk energy with its arty side. With a raucous cover of the Stooges' "1970."

2. The Meatmen, *War of the Superbikes* (Homestead). Duck! More offensive drivell flung from the subnormal minds of the pioneers of the punk/metal/flamenco/comedy crossover. They're the Meatmen... and you suck!

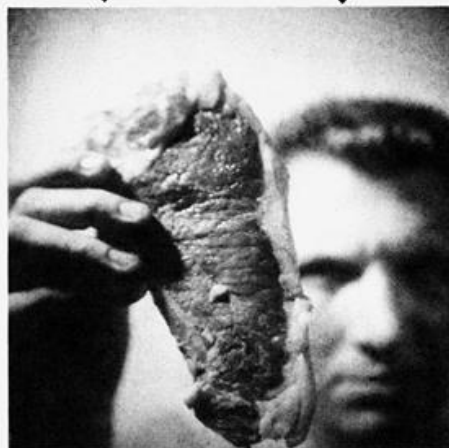
3. Camper Van Beethoven, *Telephone Free Landslide Victory* (Independent Project). By their own terms a surrealist, absurdist folk band, the Campers write neat little ska-influenced songs about Club Med and taking the skinheads bowling.

4. Professor Longhair, *Rock 'n' Roll Gumbo* (Dancing Cat). Proof of the existence of God, N'Orleans style. With whistling.

5. Various Artists, *Found Objects* (Atmosphere). Consistently on compilation of experimental bands from L.A. Defies categorizing 'cept that it's all creative.

SINGLES

1. Husker Du, "Makes No Sense at



LISA HAUN

● **He's a Meatman... and you suck!**

All" b/w "Love is All Around" (SST). A-side is their most melodic haymaker to date. Flip is the theme song from the Mary Tyler Moore Show—it's to die.

2. Nightmares, "Baseball Altamont" (Coyote). Panic at Shea. With guitars.

3. Roxanne Shante, "Bite This" (Pop Art). The queen of Rox has the nerve to accuse the rest of the world of ripping her off—and the raps to get away with it.

4. Sonic Youth, "Death Valley 69" (Homestead). Crunching rock, with Lydia Lunch on the tracks and Charles Manson in the grooves. B-side is a four-song best-of, with an unreleased track.

5. Dreams So Real, "Everywhere Girl" b/w "Whirl" (Coyote). How many R.E.M. fans does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Five: one to screw it in and four to be produced by Mitch Easter. Only this is three guys produced by Pete Buck, and their jangly pop is pretty damn good.

HIGH 5IVES INFO

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Independent Project, P.O. Box 60357, Los Angeles, CA 90060

Dancing Cat, P.O. Box 639, Santa Cruz, CA 95061

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SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260

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FILM

BY ROBERT SEIDENBERG

SHIRLEY CLARKE'S AMERICAN ODYSSEY

● SHIRLEY CLARKE HAS SEEN IT ALL. In the '50s she helped spearhead American vanguard cinema. She battled censorship in 1961 when her film, *The Connection*, a feature on New York City junkies, was banned for obscenity. During the '60s she cofounded two distribution companies for independent filmmakers. And in the '70s she became one of the first artists to experiment with video.

Yet it took Clarke 16 years to complete her latest work, *Ornette Coleman: Made in America*, a film about one of America's greatest musical geniuses. Not only that, but the award-winning motion picture artist is now projectless and financially insecure. And she's uneasy about her future—an odd but, unfortunately, not uncommon position for someone of her stature.

"I was always willing—until right now—not to make a lot of money on my films," Clarke explains without bitterness in her apartment in New York City's infamous Chelsea Hotel. "I was always grateful just to be able to make them. The fact that I haven't made money on

them, I feel a little ashamed of that, but I don't feel badly."

"But now that I'm not teaching anymore and I don't have a job and I've gone through what's laughingly known as my inheritance, I'm going to have to make money," she continues, dressed in her signature black and white. "But I guess I don't honestly know if I can. It's a funny feeling to have gotten a lot of attention and a lot of kudos and stuff for your work and not have it really make money. How can that be?"

Made in America centers around several performances given by Ornette Coleman at the opening of a new arts center in his native Fort Worth, Texas. The film is remarkable for the way that it fuses old and new footage of Coleman's band together with short dramatic sequences and electronically-processed video interludes.

Just as fascinating are the parallels between filmmaker and subject. Despite his reputation as one of jazz's greatest saxophonists and composers, Coleman remains without wealth and a record contract. "Ornette's story is not that different from mine, actually," remarks Clarke. "It's odd, but making big money and being an innovator, they don't go together."

Made in America is Clarke's first film

● The avant-garde filmmaker's career has been a 30-year struggle through artistic highs and financial lows.

since 1967's *Portrait of Jason*. Ironically, it was the Coleman movie (or rather the premature withdrawal of its financial support) that catalyzed Clarke's move into video, the medium in which she has worked almost exclusively for 15 years.

Clarke began *Made in America* in 1969 as a film about jazz for David Oppenheim at the Public Broadcast Lab. She had met Coleman through Yoko Ono at the Brussels World's Fair and became friends with him. "One day in New York Ornette invited me to a band rehearsal," recalls Clarke, "and he had just lost his drummer, Ed Blackwell, and there was his 11-year-old son playing the drums. And Ornette treated him like he was one of the greatest drummers of all time. It was fascinating to watch, because that's how he must have dealt with all the people that worked with him. I was very affected by that relationship."

Oppenheim was not interested in the father/son story that Clarke was giving him, however, and he halted the project. "For 15 years," laments Clarke, "that early footage sat under various people's beds because I didn't want it. I was undone. I was totally crazy. I didn't think of killing myself, but I really didn't know how to live the rest of my life when David stopped the film."

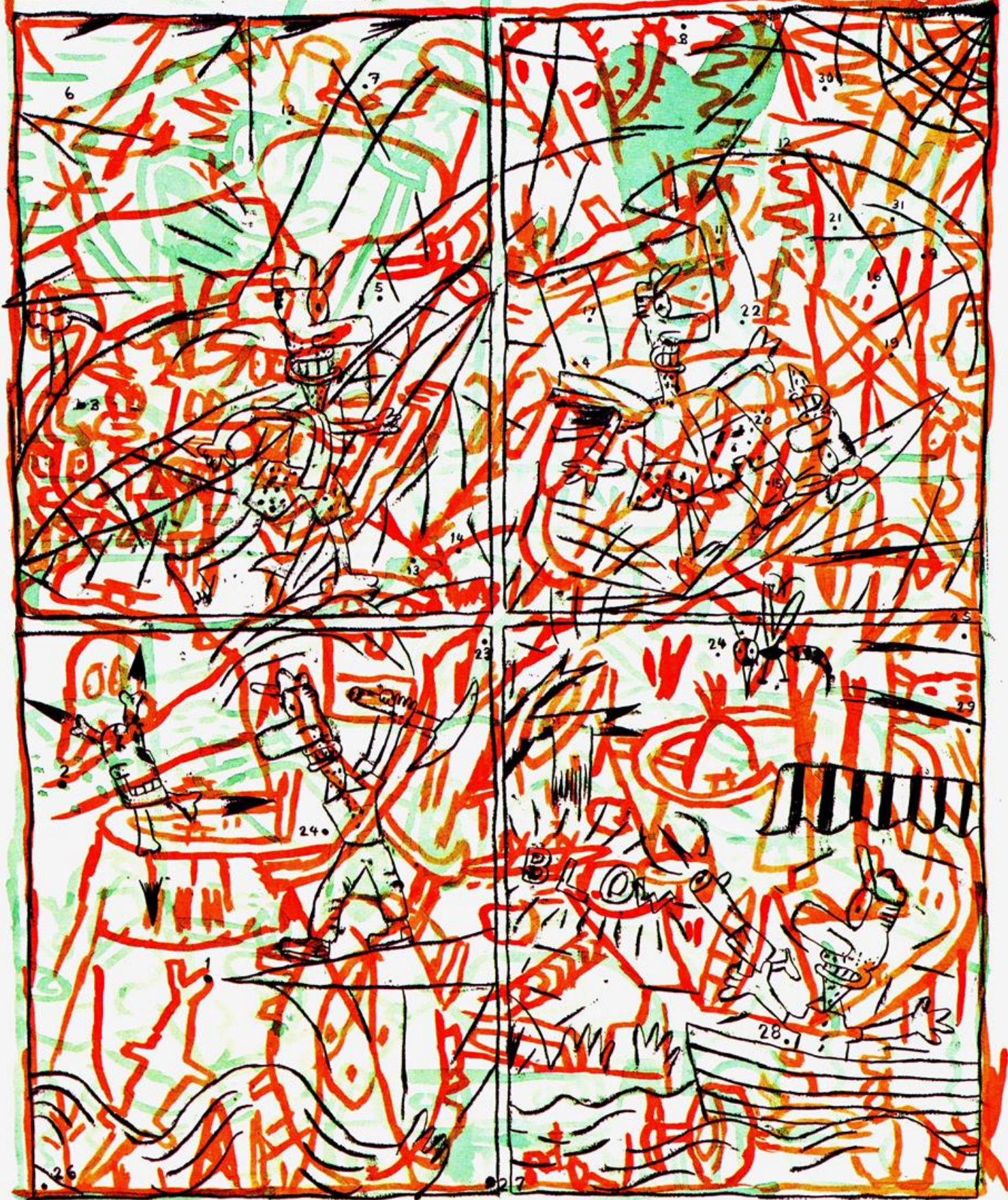
The Coleman project came back to life two years ago when producer Kathlin Hoffman notified Clarke that Coleman was going to perform his symphony, *Skies of America*, at the opening of the Caravan of Dreams Arts Center. He offered Clarke the opportunity to film the proceedings. "At first we were just going to film the symphony," explains Clarke, "but we realized we had a great opportunity to do more. And right away I made Ornette try to find all of the old footage, and that material helped shape the film." The final movie consists of half-inch video, three-quarter-inch video, hi-tech one-inch video, super-16-millimeter film and regular 16-millimeter, all of which was transferred to 35-millimeter for theatrical exhibition.

Along with documenting the life of Coleman, *Made in America* chronicles

continued on page 98

"It's odd, but making big money and being an innovator, they don't go together."





SCREEN SCENE

● ONE OF THE MOST PRESSING social concerns of our time is the loathe-some policy of apartheid in South Africa. Articles have been written in newspapers and magazines decrying this outrage [including "The War Against Apartheid," May '85 HIGH TIMES]; documentaries have been filmed; plays have been staged; and still apartheid persists. Now there is a guidebook that compiles in one place, for the first time ever, all the films that have been made about this awesome injustice. The *Guide to Films on Apartheid* lists over 40 films, videos and slideshows on the subject, with each entry including title, length, format, producer, price, distributor and a description of the work. In addition, the *Guide* includes a list of information and resource centers, plus tips on how to plan a successful program of anti-apartheid films. The *Guide to Films on Apartheid* is available for \$2 (plus 50¢ postage) from Media Network, 208 W. 13 St., New York, NY 10011.

● IN LAST MONTH'S INTERVIEW with Dennis Hopper, we reported the rather startling news that a sequel to *Easy Rider* was in the works, with the Hopper-Peter Fonda-Jack Nicholson triumvirate ready to reunite for a second installment of their '60s classic. Details were sketchy at that time, but now we know a bit more. According to Hopper, *Easy Rider II* will be a sci-fi epic, set in heaven (!) after a nuclear holocaust has destroyed most of the world. We know, we know—this sounds like a classic Hopper put-on, an elbow-in-the-ribs to the uncool media. But Hopper swears that this is the basic scenario of the film, from a script by *Saturday Night Live* alumni Michael O'Donoghue and Nelson Lyon, and Terry Southern, co-writer (along with Hopper and Fonda) of the script for the original *Easy Rider*. If Hopper is true to his word, filming should begin this winter. ●

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STEPHEN KRONINGER

● Books about the Vietnam War have become a profitable genre, but the truth remains as murky as ever.

BOOKS

'NAM LIT SCORES A BIG HIT

BY LOU STATHIS

● ALL HISTORICAL EVENTS ARE ULTIMATELY transformed into myth. It's an instinctive human process which, call it what you will (fictionalization of the past, mystification, creative rationalization, or more succinctly, *lying*), has been going on for a long time—at least since that butch bunch of slippery Greeks took Troy from the rear. Used to be, myth-making was something that happened slow and

natural, as time squeezed the truth from memory and left only a blob of silly putty in the sculpting hands of the oral and literary traditions, traditions invariably nurtured by the winners.

But no more. With today's mass-media tools of shake-and-bake myth-making, the whole process can occur overnight—which is *exactly* what's been happening before our eyes with the Vietnam War. Orwell's retroactive revision of history ("reality control") was kids' stuff compared to what's been going down in the past 10 years. Instead of one, 1984-ish monolithic anti-truth, we find thrown before us a confusing array of quasi-

truths, enforcing in the mass mind not any single big lie but a buzzing swarm of overlapping alternatives.

While the remnants of the protest movement have splintered off into impotent silence, the disinformationists have been busy heaping us with alternate truths. In the guise of redressing injustice and restoring balance (the same kind of balance you'd find on CBS News had Jesse Helms' takeover bid succeeded), we've been barraged with Vietnam-related books and movies that seek to return us to the pre-1968 era of good-guy/bad-guy innocence. William Westmoreland might have failed in his bid to

cosmeticize his mythic standing in history with his libel suit against CBS, but the effort to resuscitate the image of the regular Vietnam vet has been far more successful. Just compare the self-destructive, drug-crazed madmen depicted in *The Deer Hunter* and *Apocalypse Now* to the steroidal thunderbolt of *Rambo*. Essentially, we're being dealt a polar flip-flop: where before, the vet was callously equated with the ignobility of the war he was fighting, now he's been Marvel-comicked into the virtuous hero fighting bravely for a noble cause. Both are equally bullshit.

continued on page 96

THE NAM LIBRARY

Fiction:

- *Going After Cacciato* and *If I Die in a Combat Zone*, by Tim O'Brien (Dell): among the first and still among the best.
- *War Year*, by Joe Haldeman (Avon): a now-successful science fiction writer's first novel, based on his own experiences. Ballsy, brief, and bleak.
- *The 13th Valley*, by John Del Vecchio (Bantam): as ponderous and slow-moving as the war itself, but saturated with an authentic "you are there" feel.
- *The Short-Timers*, by Gustav Hasford (Bantam): minor effort by vet, but chosen by Stanley Kubrick as the basis for his in-production Vietnam movie, *Full Metal Jacket*.
- *A Rumor of War*, by Philip Caputo (Ballantine): a bit literary and dull, but packs a good punch.

Non-Fiction, First-Person Accounts:

- *Dis,atches*, by Michael Herr (Avon): the one everybody refers to; a classic evocation of an insane war, but too fragmented and incoherent to offer much beyond that insight.
- *Nam*, by Mark Baker (Berkley): an oral history and one of the best.
- *Charlie Company*, by Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller (Ballantine): another oral history, and not quite as good as the others.
- *Everything We Had*, by Al Santoli (Ballantine): the best of the oral histories; harrowing, heart-wrenching stuff, told by vets in their own words.
- *To Bear Any Burden*, by Al Santoli (Dutton): Santoli's follow-up to the above book, and an attempt to broaden the scope by including non-fighting men and pushing back the time-span covered. Marred by stubbornly reactionary, militaristic politics.
- *Born on the Fourth of July*, by Ron Kovic (Pocket Books): the bitter account of a crippled activist vet's feelings of betrayal. He started as an innocent patriot, and learned soon to become a cynic. Powerful and grim.
- *Bloods*, by Wallace Terry (Ballantine), and *Brothers: Black Soldiers in the Nam*, by Stanley Goff, Robert Sanders, and Clark Smith (Berkley): two oral histories of the black soldiers' experience. Both are good, the former is essential.
- *War Story*, by Jim Morris (Dell): marred by inadequate editing and reactionary politics, but still realistic and engaging (especially the writer's recurring nightmare of the time his left testicle was shot off). Writer is an ex-Green Beret, and currently editor of *Eagle* Magazine, a gun-porn clone of *Soldier of Fortune*.
- *The Killing Zone*, and *Aftermath*, by Frederick Downs, Jr. (Berkley): a vet's story of his time in-country, his wounding in

action, and his long fight back to humanity. Honest, unpretentious, convincing.

● *Chickenhawk*, by Robert Mason (Penguin): a chopper pilot's story. Overwritten and slow, but contains some good insightful bits.

● *A Vietcong Memoir*, by Truong Nhu Tang (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich): fascinating story from the other side (the only one we've gotten so far), written by a non-commie nationalist VC who felt betrayed by the ideologues from the North. He escaped in 1978 and now lives in Paris.

Non-Fiction, Historical Overviews and Journalistic Accounts:

- *Vietnam Reconsidered: Lessons from a War*, edited by Harrison Salisbury (Harper Colophon): best, most balanced attempt at a Vietnam assessment. Made up of papers delivered at a USC conference in February, 1983, and tries to make sure the bullshit of all sides gets included.
- *The Pentagon Papers*, by the staff of the *New York Times* (Bantam): the Bible.
- *The Best and the Brightest*, by David Halberstam (Fawcett/Ballantine): a classic bit of reporting, detailing heroic ineptitude and grand-scale miscalculation. Would be hilarious if it wasn't so fucking sad.
- *On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War*, by Col. Harry Summers, Jr. (Dell): or, the boys in uniform strike back. Prepared as a text for the Army War College ostensibly so we won't fuck up again, but really an exercise in spoiled-child finger-pointing.
- *Decent Interval*, by Frank Snepp (Vintage): account by former U.S. intelligence analyst of the monumental blundering that led to the fall of Saigon in April, 1975. An essential text, but a definite non-buy—thanks to a court case. Uncle Sam gets all the royalties from sales of this book (Snepp violated his oath of silence, the judge said). Instead of buying or stealing this one (government gets the dough either way), either find a second-hand copy or borrow one to duplicate yourself.
- *Winners and Losers*, by Gloria Emerson (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich): *New York Times* reporter's look at the effects of the war. If you can stomach the naive anti-war sentimentality, you'll find some good human insights.
- *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia*, by William Shawcross (Washington Square Press): disheartening account of lying and venality in the White House. Confirms any rotten impressions you might have had about Dr. K. (as if you needed any more).
- *My Lai 4*, by Seymour M. Hersh (Vintage): story by the reporter who uncovered the notorious William Calley massacre of 102 civilians on March 16, 1968. Gruesome insight into the way the U.S. Army conducts war, and how it desperately tries to cover its ass after we've found out. ●

TV

BY BRANDON JUDELL

A BREAKTHROUGH FOR BROTHERS

● YOU'RE A TOP TV EXECUTIVE SITTING at your desk high atop Rockefeller Plaza, and you're doing something you seldom do—laughing out loud. The reason for your high spirits is you've just read a script for a new sitcom that has wit, originality and topicality. There's also a good foundation, one to springboard a lot of fresh stories from. But do the writers/creators of this project have enough of a track record to carry the series off week after week? Well, they've worked on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Taxi*, and *Cheers*. Still, you seesaw back and forth. After all, it's only 1981. Can America be ready for a show with a leading character who's an active homosexual, one with queer friends who, even though they might own quiche pans, have "normal" jobs (e.g., book editors, butlers, bartenders)? Of course not.

At least that was the verdict reached by ABC. NBC came closest to the buy, but the network and Brandon Tartikoff, NBC's president of programming, were still reeling from the *Love, Sidney* show which starred Tony Randall. If you remember that one, it's where Randall is an older gay gent who opens his apartment to Swoozie Kurtz and her daughter, creating a touching, if not unique, family unit. But because of a Moral Majority write-in protesting Sidney's "queerness," his character became neuter and the show fumbled along until it was cancelled after a year. (Amusingly, Randall was more "gay" in all those Rock Hudson/Doris Day films he made in the '60s.)

Without too much despair, David Lloyd, Ed Weinberger and Stan Daniels continued to peddle their script, but this time with great success.

Showtime, the national cable movie station, was in need of fresh programming. Hollywood wasn't turning out enough movies, and much of what was

produced was being gobbled for exclusive HBO broadcasts (e.g. *Tootsie*, *Sophie's Choice*). So, in a daring venture (would their viewers pay to watch sitcoms?), Showtime gave the okay to Gary Nardino Productions, in association with Paramount Video, to produce the series.

In the first episode, broadcast in July, 1984, Joe Waters (Robert Walden of *The Lou Grant Show*), a former professional placekicker turned saloonkeeper, learns why his brother Cliff (Paul Regina) wants to get out of his wedding.

Cliff: "I'm gay."

Joe: "You're not gay. You're high-strung!" Then, after a few moments of thought, "You don't want to get married, I understand. But you coulda come up with a better excuse, like 'I got six months to live.'"

Now that leaves only Lou (Brandon Maggart), the grizzly, half-baked, oldest brother, to come out to.

Cliff: "I have to tell Lou. Blood is thick."

Joe: "Lou is thicker."

Well, the wedding is cancelled, Lou is told, and Donald (Philip Charles MacKenzie), the gayest of gays, sashays with happiness over the fact that his buddy has opened the closet door: "I mean, Hallmark doesn't even make a card for this."

How would critics react to these gay quips in a blue-collar setting?

According to *Variety*, "If *Brothers* is attempting to break new ground by dealing with subjects in an upfront and candid manner not possible on commercial TV, it fails on every level. It is not funny, the characters are stereotypes and, even worse, it insults."

Variety, however, stood alone. Among the ravers, the *New York Times* declared, "While sitcoms can rarely do more than skim surfaces, *Brothers* manages to do so with agility and cleverness. The secret would seem to be nothing more than proven talent." Scott Kraft of the Associated Press added, "*Brothers* is one of the funniest situation comedies on the dial, a sitcom that neither insults a viewer's intelligence, as network TV too often does, nor makes him blanch, as does so much on cable."

Head cable honcho of the *Village Voice*, Bob Brewin, who usually writes from a business angle, joined the other gleeful critics in his praise of *Brothers*,

so HIGH TIMES decided to ask him what the success of this one show spelled out for the future of cable programming.

Bob Brewin: "I think that programming is programming, and Showtime is just a smarter outfit than HBO... HBO fills up the schedule with dreadfully terrible made-for-pay-cable TV movies, like *The Lives and Loves of Mussolini*. On the other hand, Showtime uses innovative series like *Brothers* and *The Faerie Tale Theatre*."

HIGH TIMES: "Does Showtime really know that *Brothers* is as successful as they say it is?"

B.B.: "Yes, they poll their audience better than the networks, and they get what is called the satisfaction rating. Obviously, people are satisfied or the show wouldn't be on."

HT: "Do you feel that NBC or ABC would consider *Brothers* as suitable for their current schedules, or is it still too wild?"

B.B.: "I don't think it's too wild for regular TV. A lot of people focus on that one of the brothers is gay. What it is is a good comedy—and the networks aren't doing comedies now."

With viewer response high, Showtime has ordered fifty new episodes of the series, an unheard-of commitment in videoland and an unusual vote of confidence. Peter Chernin, the company's executive vice president of programming, noted to the *Times* that one of the reasons for the huge order was that "things tend to be rushed on the air, and then the later production work is done under tremendous time pressure as well. We felt that by giving them that long an order, the producers would be able to plan character development and plot lines with more depth."

Although with the first few of the new episodes already aired (one of which Jerry Lewis directed), an exceedingly large amount of added depth is not that apparent; there is still, though, enough of that good ol' campy humor between characters that actually relate to and like each other.

Lou (to one of Cliff's beaux): "My little brother hasn't always been a flit, so you treat him with a monocle [sic] of respect. You keep your hands where I can see them at all times. And you be a gentleman, or you treat him like a gentleman; I don't know how you decide whose turn it is."

Surprisingly, very few homosexuals are turned off by the show, as some in the media predicted they might be. Instead, gays are taping episodes and showing them at parties. Besides being thoroughly amused themselves, they're hoping, especially in these times of AIDS, that a little good public relations will come out of "Brothers." It probably will. ●

VIDEO VISION

● **THE MOST UNCOOL IDEA FOR A TV series since *The Mod Squad*** comes from former Fonz Henry Winkler, who has approached the DEA for help in putting together a series about the "war on drugs." Winkler's idea revolves around the murder of DEA agent Enrique Camarena Salazar in Mexico last February, and was originally the "brainchild" (now *there's* a misnomer) of narc-turned-TV-producer Stephen Downing. Downing spent 20 years with the L.A.P.D. and spearheaded the department's war on drugs in the late '70s. He also worked closely with DEA honcho George Halpin, the former director of the agency's west coast office and a longtime associate of Camarena. Winkler and Downing want the full co-operation of the DEA—as well as the approval of the Camarena family—before they'll proceed, and while they've yet to hear from the agency, the DEA says it does not intend to block the project. Winkler has not been forthcoming about his motives for becoming involved with the series. (Could it have anything to do with the fact that the hottest show on TV, *Miami Vice*, is about narcs, or is it simply Winkler's desperation to get work, a scarce commodity for him since the demise of *Happy Days*?) But Downing expressed his reasons in vintage narcspeak. "We're hoping that with my expertise and our lineup of talent," he told *Newsweek*, "we can do a very proper job of telling the story of a DEA agent and how tough the war against drugs is." Sure, Steve.

● **REMEMBER WHAT'S UP, TIGER Lily?**, the wacked-out Woody Allen farce with outrageous English dialogue dubbed into a grade-B Japanese spy flick? If you do, you'll have a good idea of the concept behind *Mad Movies*, non-network TV's most over-the-edge entry in the new season. *Mad Movies* is brought to you by the fevered minds of the L.A. Connection, a southern California improv group. For *Mad Movies*, the Connection and producer/founder Kent Skov have removed the dialogue and sound effects from classic old films, replaced it with their own demented soundtrack, and compiled the resulting lunacy into half-hour segments. If sane sitcoms leave you cold, *Mad Movies* could be just what the psychiatrist ordered. ●

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CASE IN POINT

continued from page 80

state. In that case, over 30 people filed affidavits complaining of aircraft flying intrusively low over peoples' homesteads. As a result the District Court issued an injunction saying flights cannot go below 500 feet.

Urine-Testing for Drug Use: NORML gets more inquiries about urine-testing than any other issue. Since 1981, when inexpensive urine tests for marijuana became available, the use of such tests has spread rapidly. The initial area of widespread activity was on Armed Services personnel. NORML became involved in advising military personnel about such tests in 1981 when we filed an administrative petition with the Department of Defense urging major changes in the testing program. This document became a resource for defense lawyers involved in this area. We also filed a brief against the testing when the issue was before the Court of Military Appeals in 1982. We remain involved in the issue of urine-testing of our servicemen and women.

NORML is involved in challenging urine tests in the civilian sector. We advise numerous individuals, attorneys and unions about how to challenge the tests. We have filed a complaint with the Food and Drug Administration when there was an effort to market an over-the-counter urine-testing device. The manufacturers hoped to make \$20 million in their first year selling the device in drugstores to parents, schools and small businesses. NORML's complaint stopped the marketing of the device and the company went out of business. NORML filed comments with the Federal Aviation Administration opposing a plan to test all air pilots, controllers and mechanics. NORML is not opposed to testing for on-the-job impairment, but urine tests have nothing to do with impairment or intoxication.

Freedom of Information Act Requests: NORML uses legal activity in gathering information. We regularly file Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) requests with federal agencies about various marijuana-related issues. FOIA allows the public access to many government documents, and NORML has used the statute to request documents on a wide array of issues including paraquat and other herbicides; medical use of marijuana; the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC); urine-testing in the military; high-tech vision enhancers; marijuana eradication programs; military and National Guard involvement in marijuana enforcement; urine-testing in prisons; the number of prisoners in jail for marijuana and other drug offenses; and federal

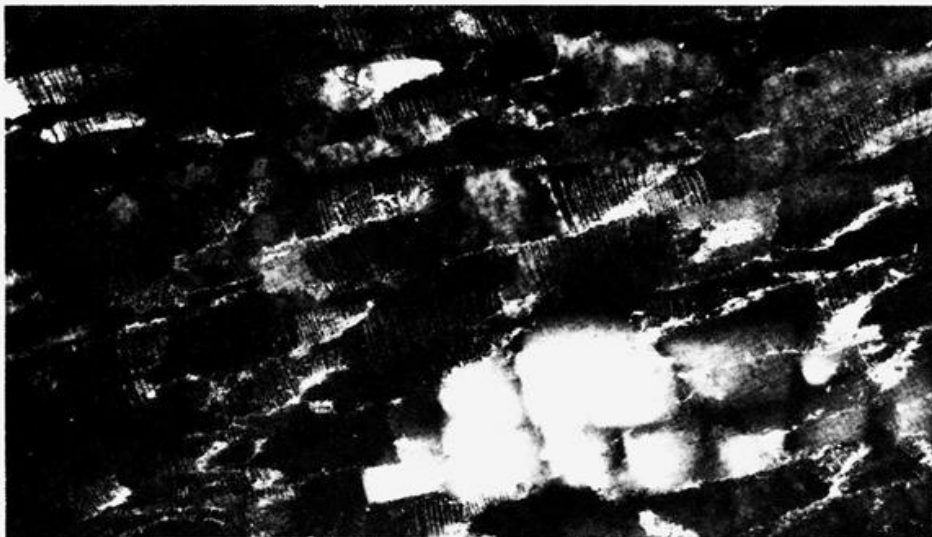
funding of prohibitionist parents groups. We disseminate this information to the media, attorneys and the general public.

As a result of a FOIA request, we recently discovered that ACTION (the anti-poverty agency known as "the domestic Peace Corps") has been providing millions of dollars to anti-law reform parents groups. For example, one group in Georgia received over \$1 million from ACTION—40 percent of their overhead. This indicates that these groups are not springing up voluntarily, as the Reagan Administration indicates; rather, they are federally funded "shock troops" to support prohibition policies.

There are many other areas where

NORML could become involved in litigation. But because of funding and staff shortages we must choose our fights carefully. NORML has been unusually successful in the areas where we have fought. We have clogged the law-enforcement wheel on several occasions. Imagine how much we could do if we were adequately funded. *Law enforcement spends NORML's annual budget in less than half an hour*, and opposition groups receive massive federal funding. We only rely on you, so send us your support today.

To contact NORML write: 2001 "S" Street NW, Suite 640, Washington, DC 20009. ●



BOOKS

continued from page 93

But what it's really all about is getting even; specifically, finding enemies to indict, scapegoats to blame for our humiliating defeat. The anti-war protesters lost the war; it's interesting to note in Truong Nhu Tang's *A Vietcong Memoir* that the commies *did* pay close attention to anti-war activities back in the U.S.A., even regarding large protests as the equivalent of battlefield victories. The press lost the war: blaming them for lying to the American public about the "true" course of the war—i.e. reporting the military "victory" of Tet as a defeat for our side—and ignoring the fact that the U.S. military command lied far more routinely and perniciously than the press. The politicians lost the war: not giving the military license to fight a *real* war, neglecting the fact that it *wasn't* a real war—no formal declaration existed, only the fraudulent Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, and it's doubtful a consensus for one could've been mustered. The Vietnamese lost the war: everyone knows that the South Vietnamese were cowardly and/or corrupt, and couldn't have cared less who ran their country as long

as they had a bowl of rice, right? And, the least favored theory these days, the U.S. serviceman lost the war: too busy sampling the local pot and hitting up prostitutes to pay attention to the war, too fixated on the one-year rotating calendar to become part of a successful war team.

So, who the hell's right? Good question. The fifteen-plus years of the Vietnam War were a turgid mess (*that* image they haven't yet managed to erase), and just as there wasn't an easy solution to it then, there's no easy understanding of it now. The reality of Vietnam resists easy mythification. Every account has a different story to tell, a different war to portray. And while the validity of individual accounts might be questionable, the picture that emerges after *all* versions are digested is a valid one: everybody's war was different, and a "true" account would have to encompass all of them. That means the grunts, generals, protesters, draft-dodgers, deserters, politicians, military tacticians, South Vietnamese military and civilians, North Vietnamese military and civilians... *all* of 'em. No one satisfactory overview uniting all these diverse viewpoints yet exists, and probably never will. But all the stories must be told, and kept untouched for the sake of history. ●

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FILM

continued from page 88

the many artistic shifts of Clarke's career. Before making her first films in 1953, Clarke danced professionally with Anna Sokolow. In *Dance in the Sun* (1954), her first film, Clarke filmed a dancer who jumps up in a rehearsal studio and lands on a beach—thanks to editing. To this day, Clarke maintains that the discovery of this cutting through time and space has influenced all of her work. "Everything I've done on film," she claims, "has to do with the space between cuts, the idea of what happens then. That's what allows the dancer to jump from the stage and land on the beach. I had found something that was unique to cinema."

In *A Moment in Love* (1957), Clarke experimented with multiple images. In *Bridges-Go-Round* (1959), she employed

two different scores and used camera movement to make inanimate objects (bridges) dance. And then before shifting to video after the aborted Coleman project, Clarke directed a documentary, *Skyscraper* (1959), and three landmark dramatic features, *The Connection* (1960), *The Cool World* (1963) and *Portrait of Jason*.

Elements of all these works are visible in *Made in America*. And though this breathtaking collage of mediums and styles has met with enthusiasm at its early film festival screenings throughout the world, Clarke is nervous about what's to come. For 12 years she's been trying to raise money for a film she'd like to make with Shelley Winters, and she can't find backing for a musical she's writing. And recently she's begun wondering why none of the producers she's worked with have come back and asked to work with her again.

Clarke is far from a self-pitying over-

the-hiller, though. A wonderful sense of humor ensures that. "I don't know what happened, but at some point in my life something clicked and I became very funny," she explains. "I was this serious little, strange girl, sincere and very Marxist and very cause-oriented. I was born on the same day as Groucho Marx and Mahatma Gandhi, and I did notice the humor in that, but I didn't mention it much. And suddenly I realized I had gotten Gandhi's sense of humor and Marx's spiritual qualities, and then I got very funny."

It's refreshing that humor supplants bitterness in Shirley Clarke, but it's a shame that she's not entirely joking when she suggests a way of finding out why she supposedly alienates producers. "If you publish this," she says, "I want the readers to send in their reasons why, in their opinion, I'm having any kind of problem at all. I'd love to know the answer to this question." ●

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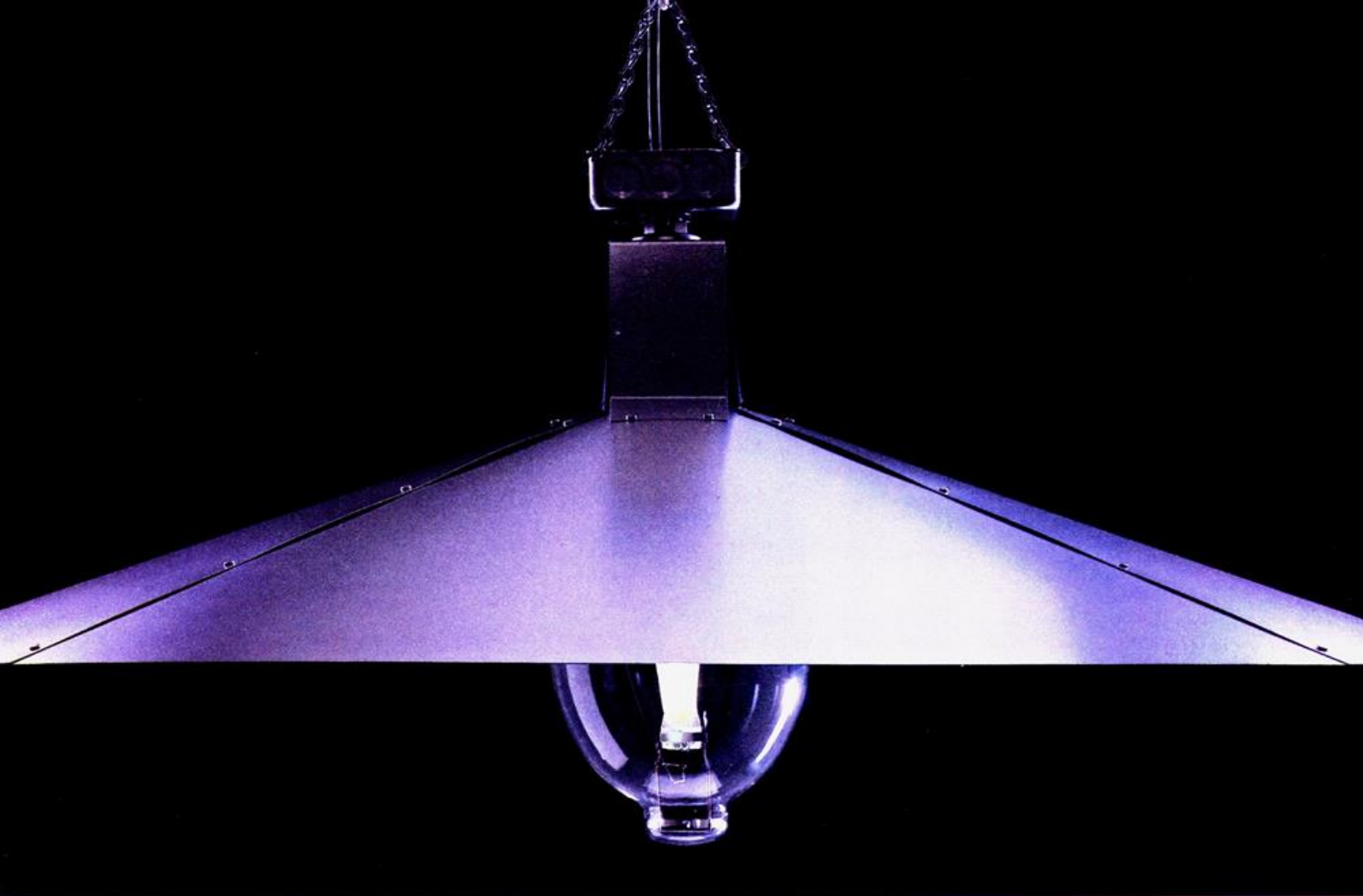
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